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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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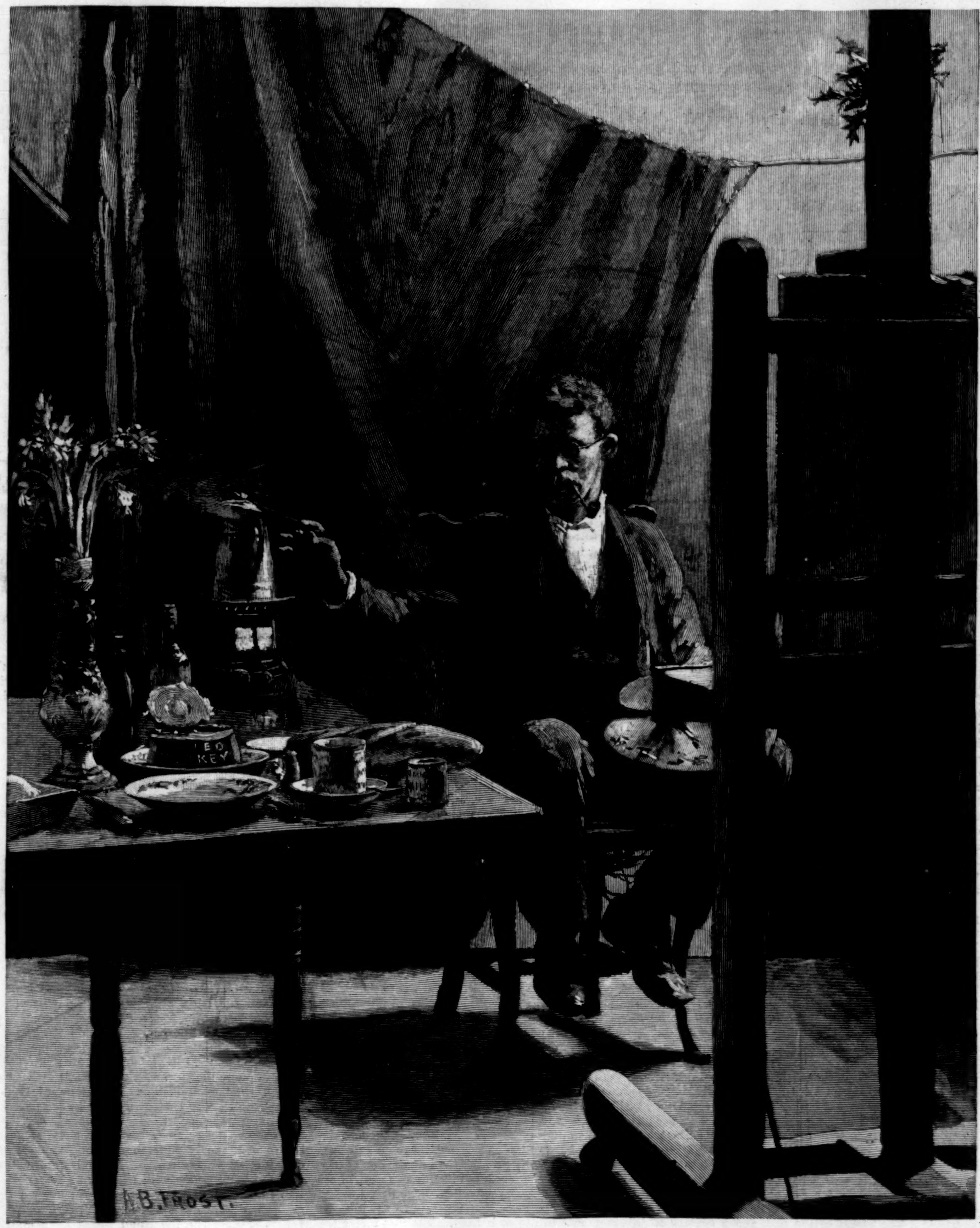

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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SPEAKER CRISP.

THE election of Speaker of the House of Representatives was never of more interest than it has been this year. The manner in which it was treated in the Democratic press and by the chief Democratic leaders made it a kind of rehearsal of the action of the nominating Convention of next year. It was regarded universally as a test of the policy of making tariff reform the issue and Mr. CLEVELAND the candidate in 1892. This was unfortunate, and exceedingly unjust to Mr. CLEVELAND, because unless Mr. MILLS were at once selected, and by an imposing majority, the conclusion would be inevitable that there was very grave doubt of such a party preference for Mr. CLEVELAND as, under the circumstances in New York, would make his nomination desirable. Instead of such a decisive result, however, there was a long contest in the caucus on the first day, and an adjournment over Sunday without a result. The contest was renewed on Monday, and on the thirtieth ballot Mr. MILLS, who had been foolishly made the representative of Mr. CLEVELAND, was defeated by Mr. CRISP, who was accepted as the anti-CLEVELAND candidate. The vote was 119 to 104.

The ardor of the contest, which was extremely bitter and in no sense a friendly difference of opinion, was shown by the remark of a correspondent of the New York *Times*, one of the most interested and resolute of the advocates of Mr. MILLS: "If he is beaten, the Democratic party will have suffered a loss that the record of the Congress will not efface. With HILL'S principles as a platform, they may as well, in the opinion of many good Democrats, omit to name a candidate [next year]. It will not be 'on the cards' for them to win." The correspondent, however, did not state the possible result upon the nomination next year, should Mr. MILLS be elected after a bitter struggle. But the situation disclosed by the caucus confirms the view that there is a vital difference of spirit and purpose in the Democratic party which greatly obscures its prospects of success. The Bourbon reactionary spirit, which instinctively dislikes Mr. CLEVELAND and the young leaders of a new Democracy, is still very powerful. The old Democracy is enough for the old leaders, and the new leaders may find their task harder than they supposed. The result of the first sharp contest of the majority in the Democratic House shows indisputably that those who supposed the result in New York to show the certainty of Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination were profoundly mistaken. Even those who thought with the WEEKLY that the general result of the election left him the most probable candidate of his party, are probably disposed to revise their views after the result of the Democratic caucus.

It is confessedly a great triumph of the HILL-Tammany power in the Democratic party, and none who in the late election aided in strengthening and confirming that power can complain of the first logical result of their efforts. It has seemed to us at least premature to accept the Democratic party, which like all parties inherits traditions and a certain tendency and character, as an effective general agency of political reform and progress. Practically, indeed, politics usually offer merely an alternative, and it is too early to determine the actual alternative of next year. But by the significance unwisely imposed upon the contest in the Democratic caucus at Washington, the representatives of the party have repudiated the views of Mr. CLEVELAND upon the currency and civil service reform, which largely involve honest government, while the Speaker's declaration for tariff reform comes from a candidate who was supported by what are called protection Democrats.

THE MESSAGE.

THE President's message is seldom read in full except by editors who make the summaries which convey the important parts of the document to the public. "As dry as a President's message" has become a familiar saying. But it is generally a very useful statement of the whole public situation. It is usually a partisan document in its view of political questions, because it is naturally an argument for the policy which the party of administration supports. President HARRISON holds that the MCKINLEY bill is of great public service, and that free silver coinage would be a great public misfortune. His statements and arguments upon the subjects are not new, but they may be taken as the declarations of the views of his party, and they are consequently not in accord with the views of the party majority which controls the House.

The President speaks clearly of the great wrong of the New Orleans mob, and thinks that offences against the treaty rights of foreigners in the country might be made cognizable by the Federal courts. He holds, also, that in the absence of law the police and judicial authority of a State might be considered Federal agencies to make the national government answerable for such offences. This does not seem to be a very clear proposition. There was great interest in the President's probable treatment of the affairs of Chili. He holds that our government and navy and minister have done what was proper, and there is no remark which indicates the probable recall of Minister EGAN. The President says that the minister was directed promptly to recognize the new government, and that he properly offered asylum at the legation to Chilian political refugees. He adds that correspondence with the Chilian authorities about the murderous attack upon our sailors at Valparaiso is not concluded, the last letter from the Chilians being couched in offensive terms. He will send a special message on the subject if necessary, and will lay the correspondence before Congress.

The President urges the desirability of a commission to inquire into the whole subject of the law of elections as relates to the choice of officers of the national government, and suggests the selection of the commission by the Supreme Court. He holds that it is an audacious pretence that the right of any voter freely to vote is a matter of local concern or control. The limitations of the suffrage should be found in the law and only there. This is a just proposition, but it does not cover the whole situation. The substance of the President's argument is treated by Mr. BRYCE in the article to which we refer elsewhere. The message is a plain statement of the situation from a Republican point of view, and it is characteristic of its author.

HIGH AND LOW TARIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio asks whether the terms high and low tariff are not misleading so far as they affect the principle of protection. Does not protection, first of all, contemplate an adjustment of duties, and not high or low duties? Is Mr. MCKINLEY open to the objection of tariff reformers because his bill imposes high duties, or because it is protective? And is his position justly described by calling him a high-tariff man? Would tariff reformers support his bill if the average rates of duty were lower?

The term high tariff is not misleading, because the principle of protection may be pushed to an extreme. A tariff may actually prohibit the importation of any article that may be produced in this country, in order to stimulate such production. To describe Mr. MCKINLEY'S bill as a high tariff is to say that its average rate of duties is high. The rate under the old tariff was about $47\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. It is not yet possible to compute the actual rate under the MCKINLEY bill, but it is supposed to be decidedly higher. It adds many articles to the free list, but it makes the duty on more articles higher than before. Whether the higher or lower rate actually protects the domestic production more, and more certainly promotes the general prosperity of the country and the welfare of the laborers, is a question not of the principle of protection, but of the method of its application. In his letter in reply to Mr. FREDERIC TAYLOR, of New York, Mr. BUELL, of Rochester, declares himself in effect a Republican of the Republicans, and says that the country will thrive most "under a reasonably high protective tariff." Mr. TAYLOR, who is no less a Republican, replies that the party must keep its pledge to modify—that is, reform—the tariff in the direction of lower duties, as experience may dictate. But both are protectionists.

Our correspondent asks what tariff reform proposes. That depends upon the reformer. Mr. TAYLOR is a Republican who thinks many duties too high. Reform with him means reduction of duties, such as was recommended by the Protection Tariff Commission of 1883, which would have reduced the average rates from 20 to 25 per cent. President GARFIELD was a tariff reformer who favored a protection that would ultimate in free trade—that is to say, which would foster native industries until they could go alone—which was the view of HENRY CLAY, and, in certain cases, of JOHN STUART MILL. CLAY saw the contest of interests which protection involved, and did not at first favor a large development of protected manufactures. Again, a Democratic tariff reformer like Mr. MILLS would take a different view of tariff reform from that of Mr. BUELL or Mr. TAYLOR. He has lately said that he would admit raw material free, and reduce the rate of finished goods to a point which would produce the necessary revenue, and no more. He holds that this course would reduce the price to the consumer, increase home production and home consumption, and enlarge the demand for labor. Republicans, however, call themselves protectionists, not tariff reformers, and for the reason that tariff reform has come practically to mean a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, as the most equitable system of customs taxation.

GOVERNOR HILL.

RECENT events have shown that political observers cannot omit from their calculations Governor and Senator HILL, of New York. There was some amusing theory rife at the time of the State Convention of his party that he was now what is known as "a back number," and that he would be extinguished the moment that he reached the Senate. But in politics men are not extinguished by a smile of derision or incredulity. Senator HILL is quite as prominent and efficient a Democratic leader as there is in the country, with the sole exception of Mr. CLEVELAND, who is less a party leader in the usual sense than a representative of its higher character and aims. In New York, for instance, the State Committee and the State Conventions of the Democratic party are controlled by Mr. HILL and Tammany Hall, not by Mr. CLEVELAND or his friends.

During his long term as Chief Executive of the State, Mr. HILL has been contending constantly with a Republican State Senate, and without doubt he has been rising constantly in the regard of his party. That he has represented the anti-CLEVELAND sentiment has been notorious, and his aspirations to the Presidency have seemed, in New York at least, to be absurd. But, however that may have been, his possible influence upon the nomination was not and is not at all absurd. Governor HILL'S desperate effort since the election to reverse the result in the State Legislature has disclosed his purpose and the situation, and his speech on the eve of the caucus to select a Speaker, and published on the morning of the day to affect the decision, was the bold attempt to give to that decision, should it be adverse to Mr. MILLS, a still further significance, as showing a disposition to change the Democratic issue of next year, and with the issue the candidate.

This effort, supported as it is unquestionably by many of the Democratic leaders, including Senator GORMAN and Southern Senators, is made more notable by the fact that Mr. MILLS, although an ex-Confederate Colonel, and almost "a typical Southerner," but who was made in the Speakership contest the representative of Mr. CLEVELAND and the tariff reform issue, did not receive his strongest support from Democratic States. Such facts indicate a grave want of harmony in the Democratic party as to what shall be the fundamental issue. The tone of Senator HILL'S speech was that of a party leader conscious of strong party support. It was throughout a covert and even contemptuous attack upon Mr. CLEVELAND, but so dexterously done that in one passage only does it appear. Speaking of Republican attempts to frighten the country with Democratic free coinage, he said, "Of course they enticed a few unwary Democrats to appear as convulsionists at their scarecrow festivals, otherwise the fraud would have been too palpable." Governor HILL will go to Washington the sole Democratic Senator from Mr. CLEVELAND'S State, in which the power of Mr. CLEVELAND'S party opponents was immensely strengthened by the result of the late election, relentlessly opposed to Mr. Cleveland's nomination. The mischief that he can do is, of course, very great. But his power will not be diminished by laughing at it.

DOM PEDRO.

It might be said of Dom Pedro that although he had been an Emperor, he had not an enemy. Even the soldiers who drove him from his throne and exiled him from his country gave him a million of dollars, and offered him a pension, which he declined. With simplicity and dignity and composure, he proved the sincerity of his love of country by refusing to fight for his crown, and led the unostentatious life of a private gentleman in Paris, interested to the last in science and letters and art.

He was a remarkable figure, for he was a monarch in an age and upon a continent which had outgrown monarchy, and he used his power for one purpose at least which ranks him among great public benefactors, the emancipation of the slaves in Brazil. His spirit and his sympathies and his cultivation were all modern and humane, although he was an Emperor in a country far removed from the influence of contemporary thought and civilization, and amid a people of mixed race and of little general education. Neither his tastes nor his character adapted him to the place he filled, so that while his interest in all literary and humane movements was decided and effective, he did little for the political development of his country.

His sudden dethronement and the successful revolution led to a new form of government. The equally sudden fall of the head of the new government, in the effort to make himself Dictator, shows, probably, that Brazil has entered upon the period of active political revolution through which other countries of South America have passed. The experience of France shows that when that career once begins, the country will not be satisfied by retrogression to the old order, but will push forward through whatever disturbance toward popular government. The present situation in Brazil cannot be regarded as final. But while there may be regretful and even wistful recollections of the good Emperor, it is not to be supposed that there will be any permanent return of the empire.

THE DUTCH TAKE MORE THAN HOLLAND.

As Forefathers' Day approaches, a paper read recently in Boston before the Congregational Club by the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis is very timely. Dr. Griffis is chairman of the Delfshaven Memorial Committee to erect a monument at the place of the Pilgrim departure from Holland. The purpose is to commemorate Dutch hospitality to the Puritan emigrants from England. But upon the announcement of this object, the project was assailed on the ground that the Dutch were not hospitable, but merely tolerated the residence of the strangers, and therefore deserve no memorial. The discussion has been very interesting, but no contribution to it is more comprehensive than the essay of Dr. Griffis.

He opens the whole subject of "the influence of the Netherlands in the making of the English commonwealth and the American republic," and enters not only into the details of the Dutch treatment of the Pilgrims, but treats the question of Dutch influence upon constitutional liberty and modern civilization. This is the subject to which Mr. Douglas Campbell, of New York, has devoted many years of study, resulting in a work which Dr. Griffis says will be soon published. In the mean while Dr. Griffis's pamphlet of forty pages is a monograph of which every son of Holland may be proud, and which should cause the annual jovial dinner of the St. Nicholas Society to resound with more enthusiasm of eloquence than ever. In fact, Dr. Griffis promotes Holland to the first place as an influence in modern civilization, and places England in a secondary position. The great bulwarks of liberty he attributes to a Dutch origin. Land in fee-simple, the registration of deeds and mortgages, local self-government, a written constitution, a written ballot, a republic of united states, free speech, religious liberty, all the great boasts of English history and American sons of the Pilgrims, the doctor attributes to Holland.

In a pamphlet of forty pages upon such a subject he can state conclusions only, and he mentions few authorities. He admits "the prodigious industry and superb learning" of Motley, but thinks him the slave of one Dutch historian; holds that grandly as he has told the Dutch story, he has left out the main-spring, which is the intense faith in God; and doubts whether some of Motley's judgments, "the result of his prejudices," will stand as the verdict of dispassionate history. Dr. Griffis, with the natural enthusiasm of a learned advocate, asserts perhaps a little too much for his side, as he thinks that the English annalists have asserted for the other. But his pamphlet (De Wolfe, Fiske, & Co., Boston) is well worth reading.

MR. BRYCE ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

The opinion of no foreigner upon an American political question could be more friendly and intelligent than that of Mr. James Bryce, to whom we owe the *American Commonwealth*. He is so heartily in sympathy with the truest American spirit and tendency, and is so familiar with our political system and the movement of American public opinion, that his views cannot fail of decided influence. Many readers of Republican political sympathies, we are sure, will agree with us that there has been no more thoughtful and wise treatment of the Negro Problem in this country than Mr. Bryce's recent article in the *North American Review*. He states the familiar situation and the gravity of the question with entire candor, and he is naturally free from the unconscious bent of party predilection.

After stating fairly the alleged party purpose in the force bill, Mr. Bryce says:

> "Under the Constitution the negro has the suffrage. He is—this nobody denies—in many districts practically excluded from the enjoyment of it. Two courses are open. If the law cannot be enforced, it ought to be repealed. If it cannot be repealed, it ought to be enforced. No one supposes it can be repealed. Those, therefore, who advocate its enforcement by that very authority which made it have a weighty *prima facie* case. Whatever may be their secret motives, they come forward as the protectors and vindicators of law, of orderly government, of democratic principles."

He mentions the constitutional objection, but he thinks that most lawyers would hold that the letter of the Constitution covers the proposed legislation. But the practical objections, he thinks, are of the greatest weight. Having described the actual social separation between the races which exists everywhere—and of which Mr. George T. Downing, a colored man, recently spoke in these columns with the utmost feeling—and after a survey of the whole field, which no Democrat or Republican would condemn as unjust or unreasonable, Mr. Bryce proceeds to his conclusion:

> "Assuming, as one may safely assume, that neither the commixture of the two races nor the elimination of the negro by removal to Africa can be carried out, the question remains whether the federal power must intervene, or whether it will be better to let things take their natural course. It is from no blindness to the evils of the situation as it stands, nor from any want of sympathy with the negro, that I conceive the latter policy to be the safer one. The maxim that the physician who doubts whether to administer a drug or not had better refrain, is applicable to legislative interference. Where the reasons for and against such interference are nearly balanced, where success, though possible, is quite uncertain, non-interference is to be preferred, because in politics, as in the human body, there is a tendency similar to that which used to be called the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Things find their level and readjust themselves according to their natural affinities and the balance of actual forces, not, perhaps, in the best way, but in a way which has elements of stability. The reconstructors after the war disregarded the balance of the local forces they found in the South, too readily believing that federal law would prevail against the purposes or passions of the whites. Events have proved that they erred; and another error of the same kind might turn out as ill."

This is precisely the ground of the intelligent and wholly unpartisan opposition in this country to the force bill. It is really an effort to accomplish by law what law cannot accomplish, and it is in the interest of the colored race, of the white race, of respect for law, and regard for the true welfare of the Union that the force bill is opposed as futile legislation. Should it appear again for discussion, no better comment upon it could be presented to the country than this paper of Mr. Bryce.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

There are several suggestions in the report of the Postmaster-General upon which there will be differences of opinion. But his remarks upon the introduction of a system of promotion by merit are of general interest, and will be universally approved by intelligent public opinion. Ten years ago Postmaster-General James commended the application of reform principles to the postal service, and it is a striking illustration of the practical progress of the reform that the present administration of the department can confirm from experience the value of those principles.

The Civil Service Commission, also, has secured the President's approval of a scheme of open competition for promotion throughout the classified service, for which it has prepared suitable regulations. The Postmaster-General says that the change has succeeded so well that he proposes to extend it to offices of fifty employés and more, and to the railway mail service. At the first examination there were twenty-three applicants for two promotions, and both of the successful competitors were women. Within a little more than three months there have been ninety-two clerks examined and twenty-seven promotions. There is a marked improvement in the quantity and quality of daily work, and the Postmaster-General says, "Now the system is established to take out of any one man's hands the arbitrary settlement of these questions under the influence of social or political friendship."

The Postmaster-General has followed the reading of the law in instituting this salutary change. But we differ from his judgment upon two points. The system is not "established," as he says, so long as it has individual regulation. It depends wholly upon the will of his successor. Nor can the system be administered "more fairly and conscientiously in a great department like this from within than from the outside," by which he means the National Commission. Undoubtedly a fair and conscientious chief would administer it well. But to establish and administer the system properly it should be made under the law a part of the reformed system, and administered accordingly. Otherwise it will be disregarded or abandoned at the pleasure of the head of the department. This is equally true of the radical and thorough reform begun by the Secretary of the Navy. But in both departments the change is most gratifying, and we understand the President's direction to place promotion under the rules in charge of the Civil Service Commission.

MR. BANCROFT'S LIBRARY.

Mr. Bancroft's library is to be sold, and the executors wisely propose to offer it in one lot. It is a collection which ought not to be scattered, and it would be an invaluable addition to a great library already established, or as the nucleus of such a library, and its devotion to such a purpose may well tempt some of the munificent benefactors among American rich men. Mr. Bancroft was a student and scholar and author who lived to be ninety years old, and was engaged in literary activity almost to the end. When he was past seventy he was daily at work in his library with two secretaries long before breakfast. The books and manuscripts in his working-room were carefully chosen by himself and for his special purposes, and were really working tools. But besides these was a large collection of the best editions of books of miscellaneous literature.

His reading was that of a trained scholar with pencil in hand. Two or three years before his death a friend found him in his study at Newport, and asked him if he had seen Mr. Shepard's life of Van Buren, which had been just published in the series of American Statesmen. "Here it is," said Mr. Bancroft, taking it from the table by which he sat, "and full of my notes." His marginal comments are, of course, very interesting, and often, no doubt, very valuable. Until the latest years of his life his memory was singularly retentive and accurate, and his conversation was enriched from unexpected and unusual sources. If any question of a reference or a citation were raised, he would place his hand promptly upon his authority and vindicate his statement.

For a private library, the collection is very large. Mr. John F. Sabin, who has made a special study of its extent and character, estimates it as twice as large as that of the late Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, and three times as large as the Menzies collection. Its dispersion would be a misfortune, and we trust that it will seem so to those buyers in the country who are able to avert it.

PERSONAL.

The historic "Treaty Elm," under which William Penn made his alliances with the Indians—a tree as famous in the annals of Pennsylvania as the Charter Oak was in Connecticut—was blown down in 1810, and in 1827 a monument was erected to mark the spot. This memorial, long since forgotten, was recently hunted up by a Philadelphia reporter, who found it, dilapidated and defaced, in an abandoned lumber-yard at Kensington. No one could be discovered in the neighborhood who knew anything about the monument or its history, and many people interviewed by the reporter were ignorant even of the name of Penn.

—Governor Russell's fondness for sport is most catholic, ranging from whist and billiards, at which he plays an excellent game, to horseback-riding and football. For football he has an especial liking, and in the closely contested match between Harvard and Yale at New Haven in November, 1876, he was umpire for Harvard. At the last Harvard-Yale game he was cheered all along the line as he took his place in democratic simplicity on the bleaching-boards.

—During his residence in Chicago, as commander of the Missouri Division of the army, General Nelson A. Miles has become very popular in society. He is a success as an after-dinner talker, and appears to as great advantage in a drawing-room as on an Indian scouting expedition. His splendid physique makes him a conspicuous figure in any gathering. In athletic circles General Miles has the reputation of being a skilful and plucky boxer.

—Newspapers, as a rule, have no memories, as corporations have no souls; they are as apt to forget to put a laurel on the head of the man who made them as a tombstone over his grave, but the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is an exception. It has just erected a monument to Leonard D. Washburne, a reporter, who was sent to write a description of a night ride on a locomotive. The locomotive was thrown off the track, and the reporter was killed. His notes were found in his pocket.

—Bishop Hurst has received a most flattering letter from Lady Dufferin in regard to his book *Indika*, in which she says: "The careful illustrations and the interesting descriptions you give of India make it a most valuable work, and one which it is a great pleasure to possess. I have also to thank you for the full and most sympathetic account you give of my Medical Fund, which I greatly appreciate. Lord Dufferin very much admires your book, and joins with me in thanking you for it."

—Like Miss Sophia Hayden, the architect of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, Miss Alice Rideout, who has won the prize for the statuary models for the building, is a very young woman. She is only eighteen, but has given other evidence than this of her talent. She resembles Harriet Hosmer, the best known of women sculptors in this country, in smallness of physique, and is said to be quite pretty. It is to the credit of the progressive women connected with the fair that the building for their department is nearer completion than any other on the exposition grounds.

—Longfellow's home in Cambridge, with its lilac hedge, its elms, and its superb view across the meadows to the Charles, is tenanted now by the poet's daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, who sometimes extends the hospitality of its roomy parlors and handsome grounds to the ladies of the Harvard Annex. The house was built by a colonial Tory, and although it is nearly a century and a half old, there are few handsomer residences in New England to-day.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT BY SARGENT.

Mr. Sargent's great reputation has been won as a painter of women and children. In the series of pictures which gained him a Grand Medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889 there was not a single masculine portrait. Only three such portraits had, I think, been shown in New York before this autumn, and I do not remember to have heard of any others, except a sketch-portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, which was exhibited some years ago in Boston. The brilliant Carmencita figure, the refined and gracious portrait of Mrs. Marquand, the beautiful large picture of four little girls, called "The Hall of the Vases," the masterly group of Mrs. Davis and her young son, and the delicious baby figure of "Beatrice"—these and others like them are the things we have thought of when Mr. Sargent's masterpieces have been in question. We knew long ago that he could paint women admirably and children adorably; but how he might paint men, we could scarcely more than imagine.

If, however, we tried to imagine this, we soon found ourselves wishing that he would begin the work in good earnest. By "we," I mean such people as saw in John Sargent not only a great painter, but a great portrait-painter. These terms, of course, are not identical, although the latter includes the former; and some observers used to deny that Mr. Sargent was a great portrait-painter, while acknowledging him a master of the brush. They said that he was not a master in the art of reading character; that he painted the merely superficial aspect of his models, and when he tried to do more than this, gave a distorted or overcharged account of the facts that lay beneath the surface. They said that he always succeeded with children because in childhood character scarcely exists, because the charm and even the individuality of a child are essentially superficial, and that his least successful portraits of women were those where some marked peculiarity of type or expression had given him the chance to "exaggerate." And they sometimes added that were the fine costumes of his models exchanged for simpler clothes, much of the interest of his pictures would disappear.

With none of these ideas did we agree. We felt that his children's faces were not lacking in character, but were especially remarkable because childish character is so subtly revealed; that what seemed "exaggeration" would not have seemed so but for the public's sad familiarity with women's portraits, from which all expression has been wiped in the interest of a smooth inane prettiness; and that no matter how brilliant were the costumes Mr. Sargent portrayed, he always kept his heads pre-eminent in interest. But we also felt that there was a force, a virility, an intensity, in Mr. Sargent's perception of character which might find fullest expression were he to paint forcible masculine heads. Not any and every man, we knew, would interest him, and only when he was interested, we had long ago found, could he rise to his highest level. What we wished was that some really remarkable personality of a strongly marked yet not too simple kind might come beneath his brush.

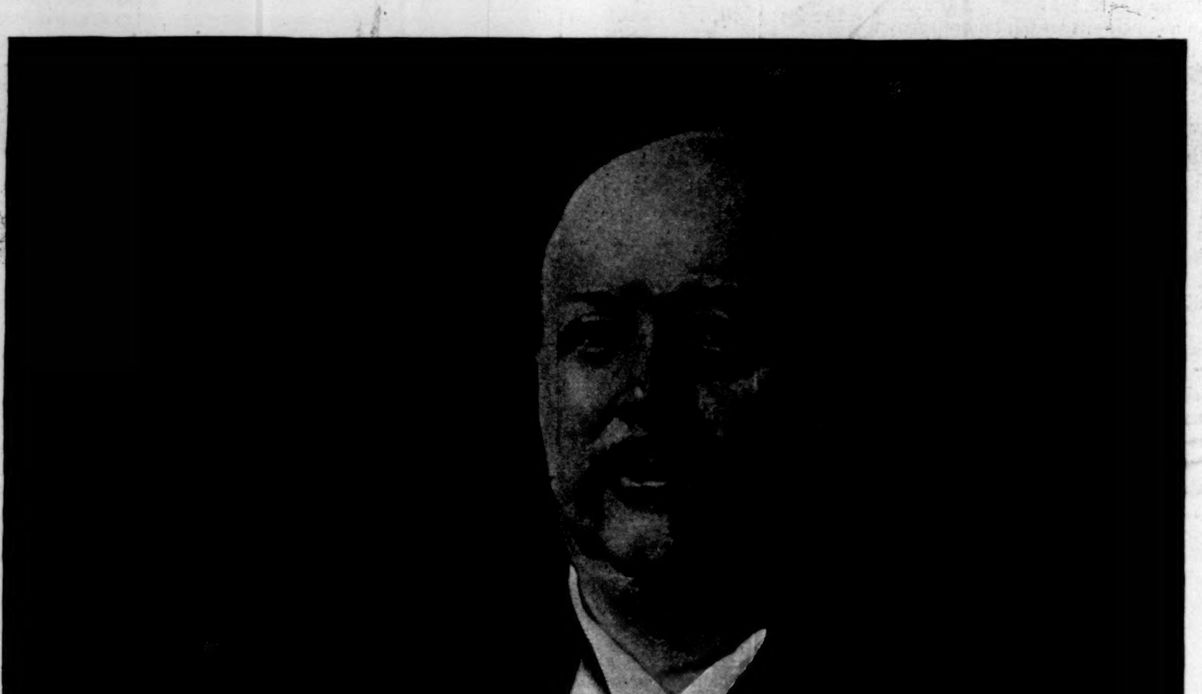
Just this happened when, last summer, Congress commissioned him to paint ex-Speaker Reed; and, I think, no one who has seen the result can longer doubt whether Mr. Sargent is a great portrait-painter. Feeling that this is the most important fact for the public now to learn about him, I can hardly bring myself to regret a defect which must be acknowledged in the work when it is considered from the purely pictorial point of view. I am not sorry that people should see that Mr. Sargent can produce a magnificent portrait even when he places a figure very awkwardly on the canvas. The way in which he has allowed the frame to cut off the whole of one of Mr. Reed's arms and part of the other would have been fatal had his power really been that of a picture-maker only, and not of a true portrait-painter. But as it is, we forget the blemish after the first moment; we hardly think of pictorial effect, so keen is our interest in the artist's presentation of a human individuality.

No one needs to be told what sort of an individuality Mr. Reed possesses, and no one needs to have seen Mr. Reed to feel sure that it is expressed in his countenance, just as Mr. Sargent says. Of course I do not suppose that Mr. Reed always looks so thoroughly, completely, and satisfactorily himself as he does on this canvas. A man of his nature must pass through many moods; but this fact, of course, merely accents the artist's triumph. Because he was a great portrait-painter he saw which was the most characteristic mood, and was able to render it, although the task cannot have been easy. Sometimes we see a face which is all strength or all humor, and such a face is not difficult to paint. But here is one where force and humor join, and it was a triumph indeed to paint it so that neither characteristic is emphasized at the expense of the other.

It is delightful to study this picture, and see how vigorous, direct, and vivid is the expression of character, yet how reposeful is the general impression, how every feature thrills with life, mobility, and meaning, yet how dignified and simple is the total effect of the head. Moreover, the work has great pictorial distinction—a quality that is hard to define, but easy enough to recognize. It does not lie in the characteristics of the model, but wholly in the art of the painter. Many gentle and beautiful women, many exquisite children, have been painted so that they would look out of place in a room where other objects revealed refinement and good taste. Mr. Reed, with all his impressiveness and dignity, can hardly be called distinguished-looking in the sense I now intend—in the sense of the French term *distingué;* but this portrait of him, simple and faithful though it be, might hang side by side with the finest gallant Vandyck ever portrayed, and not look like an intruder.

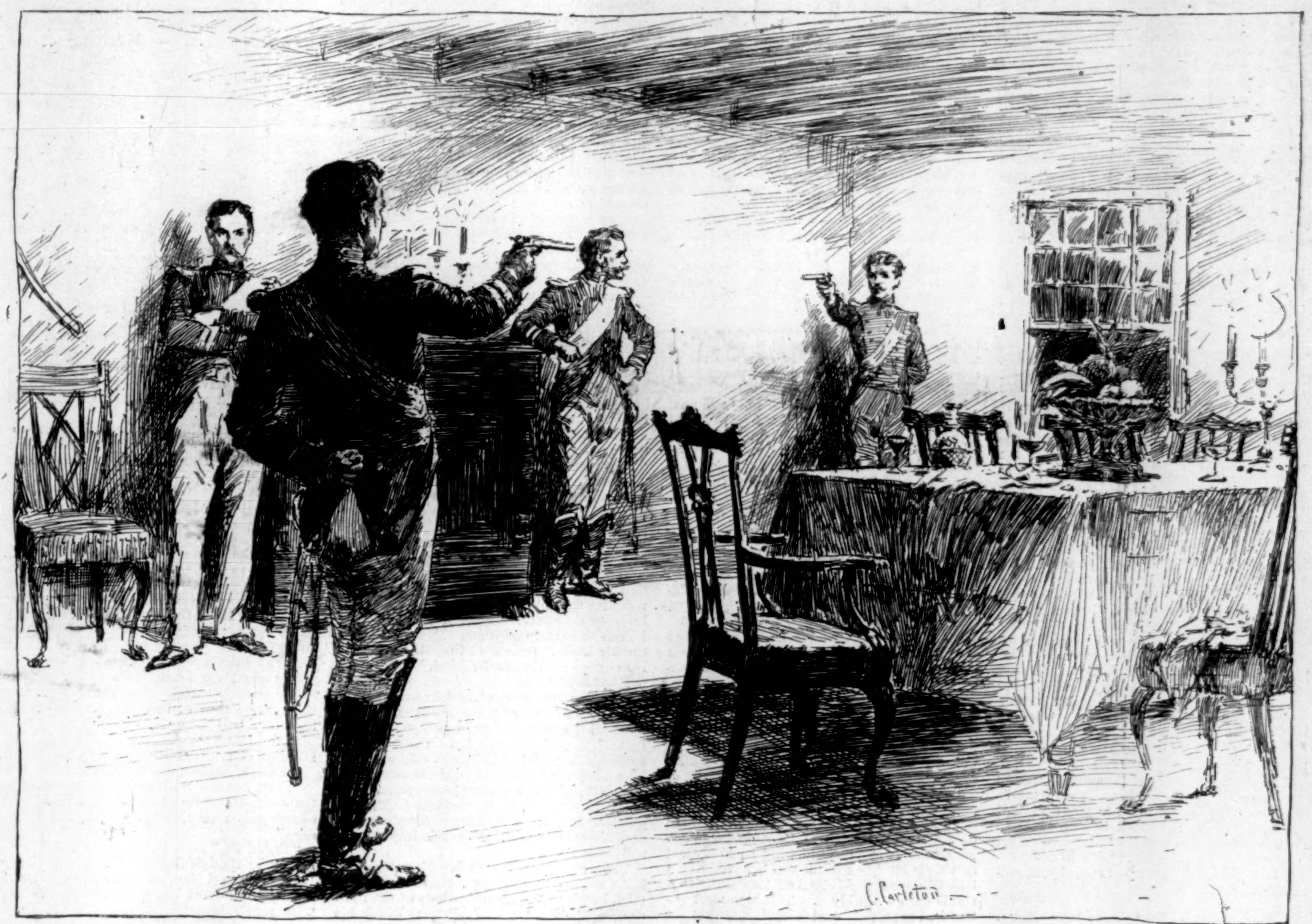
I have heard some of Mr. Sargent's brother artists say that, as a pure piece of painting, this portrait is not so fine as some of his other works. Possibly this is so; but the brush of a great master may not be quite at its best and still do masterly work; and there is masterly work indeed in this head of Mr. Reed. However, what I most wish to insist upon is its value as a portrait distinctively so called. This seems to me so great that excess of praise is impossible. A more living, breathing, well-characterized individual and interesting figure I do not think any modern artist has ever put on canvas. And I think it might be tested by comparison with the best portraits of other days, and not lose its high claim upon our admiration.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.



THE HON. THOMAS B. REED.

From the Painting by John S. Sargent, for the Speaker's Gallery at Washington.



TWO GRAVES.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

"Whose untutored mind sees God in clouds."
"Jealous and quick in quarrel."

FIRST, southernmost, is the Caribbean, on whose shores the hot city of Kingston; behind and around Kingston, on three sides, the plain of Liguanea. The Blue Mountains gird the Liguanea about, crumpled in a hundred folds, soft bright blue as the Caribbean itself, and cherishing in every fold a great or a little torrent.

This is Xamayca—"The Land of Streams." To the northwest of the city, one of the spurs that buttress the mountains toward Liguanea, is Stony Hill. There used to be deserted barracks there—quarters, a mess-room looking south over the plain—and, hard by that silent, half-ruinous mess-room, a deserted cemetery, all overgrown with canna and thorny cactus and purple nightshade, where the black snakes glided through gaps between the stones of deserted tombs. Two of these tombs are very close together, side by side, built of sunburnt brick. Their occupants went in the same moment, from the same brilliantly lighted room, into the dark; and side by side, with eastward-pointing feet, they "look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to-come."

An old man, to whom the whole story was a personal recollection, took me up the crumbling stone steps of the mess-house, and standing in the doorway, lest our weight should be too much for the worm-eaten flooring, pointed with his cane into the room.

"One of them stood in that corner, and the other in that, diagonally opposite each other."

And how those two graves came there the story tells, and whatsoever else there is in it for them that have ears to hear.

Sophonisba Moreton was the fair lady's name. And fair indeed she was. They said she would never go out on a moonlight night without a broad-brimmed hat and mittens. Rather pale, her hair light brown, her eyes blue, but turquoise rather than sapphire. Her mouth would have been prettier with thicker lips. She spoke in a slow languid drawl, with a pretty little creole accent, but her laugh was not the laugh of mere mirth.

At King's House, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, one warm night, when the island was longing thirstily for the May rains, his Excellency the Governor entertained his Excellency the Major-General in command of his Majesty's forces. The latter personage was to depart next day on a tour of inspection through the stations on the north side. With him was his aide-de-camp, Craddock, resplendent in the blue and gold of light dragoons. There were still light dragoons in the days of William IV.

Sophonisba Moreton—more briefly Nisba—pale, sinuous, and languid as ever, entered the long room, and at a glance took note of the blue and gold, marking it for her own. Infantry scarlet was plentiful at King's House; there was only one light dragoon. Among the wearers of the depreciated scarlet was Miles O'Carroll, Captain in H.M. 110th Foot, quartered at Newcastle. Miles was as cool-mannered and quick-tempered an Irishman as ever galloped over the Curragh of Kildare. He surveyed the crowd, and noticed with approval the charms of Miss Nisba, to whom he at once requested to be "introjuiced." Miss Nisba was "cha-armed," thought her card was full, then found a dance which Captain O'Carroll might have if he liked, far on in the night after supper. And the captain went away to bask in the light of other eyes.

So the ball went on—mazourka, quadrille, redowa; no waltzes in those days. Nisba caught her light dragoon by one of the tall French windows, played upon him with her shining eyes, gave him a dance, then another; then deliberately struck out O'Carroll's name, and handed Craddock the card, with, "There is one left that you may take," in her bland slowly uttered soprano. Craddock accepted the situation as he found it, suspecting no snare.

When supper was over—the hearty many-bottled supper of old Jamaica, quite different from modern "refreshments"—O'Carroll, receptacle of plenteous Madeira, sought the fair Nisba and found her standing with Craddock under the starlight in one of the little balconies that look out over the King's House gardens, where the air was heavy with stephanotis and jasmine. The band was playing some old-time air, now long since cut up to be "made over" into "new" dance music. A good tune is subject to metempsychosis. The next dance was that which had been given to O'Carroll and then to Craddock by the young lady, and there was an assertion of right on both sides, and O'Carroll, plus Madeira, was red in the face, and beginning something with, "Am I to understand, sorr," when Miss Nisba stopped the movement of her big swan's-down fan to say, "Not before me, let me im*plore* of you!" So O'Carroll, who, drunk or sober, was a gentleman, simply bowed and withdrew.

Nisba's light dragoon, moreover, left her before their dance was over, and she was as cross as two sticks.

O'Carroll found Mayne, a civilian and an Ulsterman, but yet an Irishman; Craddock found Gray McMurdo, a lawyer by trade, but an experienced duellist, and the friend of every soldier in the island. Mayne called on McMurdo just as McMurdo was calling on Mayne. The affair was all so confused and utterly absurd that it was uncertain which of the two, as challenged party, had the right to choice of weapons. But McMurdo and Mayne saw no great difficulty in that.

These were the glorious ways of old Jamaica.

There could be no meeting between O'Carroll and the A. D. C. before the General and his staff returned from inspecting troops at Falmouth and the other small stations in distant parts of the island. This was not until after the May rains, when Nature was putting on her cool dress of green against the coming heats of June, and the army, in the person of the Major-General commanding, was the guest of the Church, as represented by his Lordship the Bishop, in the sweet retreat of Craigton in the Blue Mountains.

Meanwhile there had been frequent notes between Craddock and his second, and the meeting had been arranged to come off at one hour after sunrise, on the first Monday after the General's arrival at Craigton. The spot chosen was on a piece of meadow-land near the foot of the mountains.

To be on the ground in good time, Craddock had to set out before sunrise, and rode many miles of mountain road to Lazarus's, a tavern situated where the bridle-path and the carriage road begins, and here his second was to meet him with a gig.

It was a morning like three hundred and sixty-five in the Blue Mountains. The air was fresh and dewy, the silence only broken by the rush of the swollen torrent and the distant unintermittent booming of the surf in Bull Bay; a smell of wild cinnamon from the bush, with damp moss.

The sun was not yet over the top of Long Mountain, and everything showed in a pale light. The valley mists still floated level below Craddock's feet. He saw the ridges and peaks like many islands rising from an unearthly silver sea, which spread away out to merge in the blue rim of the other sea, the Caribbean, where already the golden lances were shaking. Then a turn in the road, following the fold of the hill, brought him nearly facing the east. He was thinking, in a desultory, dreamy fashion, of something Gray McMurdo had said about the right way to load a pistol—dropping the bullet gently, so as not to crush the powder—and wondering whether gunpowder really was so tender, while an old song they used to sing at school kept running through his head: "Floreat æternum Carthusiana Domus." He looked up, and there was the lumpish mass of Long Mountain black as ink against the glory that now began to be revealed beyond and above, and to be reflected by the snow white on this side.

"Æternum—æternum-num-num-num" went the song in his head. Broad bars of light were springing up now in gold, with bright blue between, and though he had never been a profound student of Homeric myth, he thought of "far-darting Apollo."

"Floreat æternum-ternum." Perhaps there was something in what McMurdo said about not crushing the powder. At any rate, he would certainly not interfere with him about the loading; and then, he thought with positive glee, he would shoot—

Ah! Look at that! The mist had risen higher, gleamed brighter; now it was gone.

The gleaming satin veil, white as the light, was gone from the mountains. Craddock's horse stopped, or else Craddock reined him in unconsciously.

There they lay—the everlasting hills—in a thousand shades of blue and green, from black at their bases to gold-green, and gold-blue on their southern edges. Those near him green and rough with bushes and trees, an occasional shaggy-headed groo-groo palm overtopping the other growths; and far off the smooth many-folded blue—a miracle of beauty wrought in complexity of lines and planes, and of shadows, some sharply defined, some proceeding subtly from darkness to light.

Yes, it was marvellous!

On his right, still sleeping, lay the smooth Caribbean—still sleeping, though the streaks and patches of light came and went as its bosom gently heaved. Between mountain and sea the Liguanea Plain, with the housetops of Kingston indistinct in the shadows of trees.

Great Heavens! he would be too late for the meeting. He suddenly set spurs to his horse, and began ambling along as fast as the narrow road—precipice on the left, and steep bank on the right—would allow. What would McMurdo say if he kept the other party waiting?

But he could not take his eyes off that revelation of majesty. And what was he hurrying on for? If he shot O'Carroll, the sun would rise just the same next morning. If O'Carroll shot him, the sun would still rise. It made no difference to the sun, or to the hills—the distant hills or the near—or to the sea.

And if he went and apologized to O'Carroll? What for?

Or refused to fight? The idea was simply horrible.

But the sun and the hills would not care for that either—less, he could imagine, than for the other. Craddock was more intelligent than most boys in the light dragoons of those days. He could think when he had time. He was still indignant at O'Carroll's offensive manner, but the real object of his indignation was rather Nisba Moreton. After all, he was only going to fight O'Carroll because he could not fight her. He had never studied the casuistry of duelling, but simply accepted it as a usage of the society to which he had been accustomed. Religion was not in his line: most of his Sundays were devoted to cock-fighting.

And yet, in presence of the mountains and the rising sun, a vague idea was growing in his mind that O'Carroll's life was a part of creation, that he, Craddock, had no right to meddle with it, and that the thing men called "an insult" was an absurd trifle in comparison to this whole made up of sun, sky, mountain, plain, and sea.

"What the deuce kept you so late?" shouted McMurdo, in a cheery voice, from the seat of his yellow Fulham gig. "Make haste, my boy! We have to do three miles in ten minutes, and the roads are rough after the rain. Has the bishop been keeping you fellows late over his Madeira—or is it port? Never tasted the Episcopal tap myself. Come, Kitty!" And away they went behind the fastest draught-mare in the island.

"Marnin', sister," as they overtook a fat negress, perched between two bulging panniers of garden stuff on a lean donkey. "Hi! You no hab compassion 'pon de po' jackass? How you like it you'self?"

The negress screamed back a chaffy reply, and burst into a loud "Yah! yah!"

"Jackass wid de long te-al," sang McMurdo; then, at sight of a hen and chickens in the road, "See me take that fowl into custody," and in a moment the lassoed fowl was dangling at the end of his whip. "What's the matter, old fellow, eh?"

"I wish to God I was out of this business!"

"What? Come, I say, Craddock, this sort of thing won't do. My good man, you must be hipped. Now look here. I'll load so as to guard against that high-throwing trick, I know her dose to a grain. You fire, eh?"

"I say I won't kill O'Carroll."

"Oh no, of course. Just wing him; I would, if I were you."

"I won't wing him."

"Then what the devil *will* you do? Apologize?"

"Don't know what to apologize for. But I won't hurt him."

So McMurdo gave a whistle, and turned to Kitty.

They were not more than a minute behind time. Mayne, tall and grave, came forward and bowed politely, then went into consultation with McMurdo.

The distance was thirty paces. They were to fire at the word "three." Mayne won the toss, and gave the word.

Instead of two reports, there was only one. Craddock had fired into the guava-trees that overhung the penguin hedge on his right; but the attention of the seconds was occupied with O'Carroll's pistol, which had missed fire.

"The devil fly away wid your primin', Mayne," was all O'Carroll had to say, as he handed his weapon back to be examined.

"The priming seems all right, and the cap is burnt." Nevertheless Mayne drew the charge, reloaded, and used the priming-pin before returning the pistol to his principal.

It was agreed that Craddock had a right to fire again. He nodded as McMurdo told him this and gave him his pistol.

"And you must hit him this time, or, by George, he'll hit you. He means it, I can see."

"I won't hit him," said Craddock.

McMurdo gave a shrug as he fell back, and kept his eye closely on his man.

"One—two—three!"

"Bang!" went Craddock's pistol, and the bullet cut a branch from one of the guavas. And O'Carroll's pistol missed fire.

"That's the last fire I'll take at him, if I die for't," said the impulsive Irishman, as Mayne hurried towards him.

"Mayne, come here, please," said McMurdo. And they walked away together, leaving the other two standing. "My man fired into the trees deliberately. I watched him. Yours couldn't fire at all. Now there must be an end to this."

And so that duel ended. Craddock offered to make any apology that might be agreed upon by the seconds.

"Faith, me boy," says O'Carroll, "I think it's to yourself the apology is jew."

Mayne was inclined to be a serious man at all times. He took the loaded pistol from its case, and, without more priming, simply exchanged the exploded cap for a fresh one, then handed the weapon to O'Carroll.

"Gentlemen, have the goodness to wait a minute," he said. "Here is a match-box which Captain O'Carroll is going to hit at thirty paces with that same pistol and charge."

The match-box—one of the old-fashioned cylindrical wooden affairs, about an inch and a half in diameter and three inches high—was set in the fork of a calabash-tree. Mayne paced the distance. O'Carroll took his ground, and fired. The match-box was shattered to atoms. As they left the ground together, McMurdo was as thoughtful as Craddock had been, and Craddock not less so.

"There must be an end to this," McMurdo had said. But there was not. It was band day at Up Park Camp. Under the great cotton-tree, in front of the Colonel's quarters, there were carriages full of creole beauty. Dozens of cavaliers, most of them holding his Majesty's commission, leaned from their saddles, talking soft talk to blonde and brunette.

In one of the carriages sat Nisba Moreton, with a white China silk shawl tumbling languidly from her shoulders. "Oh, Mr. Craddock!" she called, as the A. D. C., in staff undress, walked his horse slowly by within speaking distance.

Craddock rode up to the carriage, and gravely raised his cap.

"I haven't seen you since that won-der-ful duel. And there is that ter-rible little Mr. McMurdo over there, looking as in-no-cent as a little lamb. I think you behaved like a true Christian, real-ly! And Captain O'Carroll is such a dead-ly shot! It was most pa-thet-ic, I'm sure." And Miss Moreton sought comfort in her vinaigrette.

The reader may perhaps think that a girl given to these languors could never be regarded by men as anything but a ninny. Which would be an unjust reflection; for, in the first place, Miss Moreton was a reigning beauty, and "set the pace"; and, in the second place, this all happened in the days when Texas and California were unmapped countries, before Tennyson had published a line, when "repose" and "sensibility" were held more precious in women than classic lore or athletic powers. In after-years I myself knew an elderly lady whose cheeks, indeed, were as ancient vellum, and the sheen gone from her turquoise eyes, but her conversation was much as I have recorded here, and I was told that that used to be the celebrated Miss Moreton.

Craddock heard all her outpouring in respectful silence, then bowed, and rode off. And a little flush appeared on Miss Nisba's cheek.

Somehow there had come into circulation a story that Craddock had quailed before O'Carroll's trigger skill. It circulated only by the mouths of women. Both Mayne and McMurdo had been at some pains to publish the truth. O'Carroll had given out that he would "send a good ounce of lead, bedad!" into the anatomy of any man who should insinuate that Craddock had shown the white feather. McMurdo had argued with distinguished ability and elaborate show of precedent that it was none of O'Carroll's business, but exclusively his—McMurdo's. And there he sat now under the big cotton-tree, clad in spotless nankeen, his broad straw hat on the bench beside him to let the breeze blow through his wonderful black curls, his wonderful little feet encased in ladies' morocco slippers, ready to offer amplest explanations of his principal's conduct. On the whole, it was not worth any man's while to broach the subject.

But, to fill up a gap in one of the regiments, there came a certain young ensign, named Powers, who forthwith loved in real earnest the pale beauty. And Nisba Moreton encouraged this youth, and she languidly told him—as she was well able—the ladies' version of the Hope Penn duel, and thought that Mr. Craddock was "a true Christian!" "But could men ever really kill each other for a girl's sake? Heigho!" And she mused, fanning slowly with the big swan's-down fan. Mr. Craddock—well, she thought he had been very unkind the other day at the camp. She real-ly thought him a true Christian.

Powers's regiment, the 120th, was quartered at Stony Hill. Craddock had escaped from the dust of Kingston and routine of Headquarter House to spend a few days with his old school-fellow Tom Wilmot, of the 120th. The evening of his arrival was not a "guest night" at the mess of the 120th. There were no civilians in the mess-room, no introductions to be made, except the last-joined.

"Mr. Craddock, permit me to introduce Ensign Powers, of the 120th. Ensign Powers, Lieutenant Craddock, A. D. C."

"Ah!" said Powers, slowly, with raised eyebrows. "I—er—have heard of Lieutenant Craddock."

And they both bowed splendidly. How very stately we, in these days, would have thought their manners! It took bottles and bottles of strong wine to relax a gentleman's self-restraint in the reign of William IV. And how tedious we should think the long dinner which preluded the relaxing process! At last the cloth was off, and the wine went round.

"Mr. Craddock," said the president of the mess, "a glass of wine with you."

"With pleasure. Madeira? So be it."

"Welcome to our mess," called the president.

Then the high boyish voice of the last-joined came across the table. "Mr. Craddock, pray tell us about that—er—touching affair with O'Carroll of the 110th; and then I'll ask for the honor of taking wine with you."

"The story is rather too old for repetition here, Mr. Powers. I shall be glad to give it to you in private."

"Young man," said Powers's neighbor, the regimental surgeon, in an undertone, "there are three crack shots ready to tell that story. If you wish to live long in this climate, it will be a devilish deal more wholesome to sip brandy before meals than to repeat that question in that tone."

"Pooh!" and the sub swallowed a bumper of claret.

Wilmot was the officer of the rounds for that night, and soon had to leave the mess-room for duty. As he passed Powers's chair he leaned over and whispered: "Mr. Powers, I shall be back in an hour. Meantime, have the kindness to remember that Mr. Craddock is my guest. You understand."

Powers nodded.

A regimental mess, although, perhaps, not exactly the scene of "the soul's energizing as to its higher powers in perfect environment," is probably the most entirely jolly assemblage practicable in this vale of tears. The wine went round, so did the toasts and the chaff. The wax candles shone brightly on regimental plate, on tropical fruits, and gleamed in golden Madeira and ruby claret and blood-red port. Powers's impertinent sally was forgotten.

Then, again, came that boyish voice. "I have a toast to propose. Ha, ha! Gentlemen, here's to the white feathers of the light dragoons! Ha, ha, ha!" Powers drank his own toast and laughed at his own wit alone.

There was a profound silence. Then Craddock rose to his feet very deliberately. "Captain Maunsell," he said, in a quiet voice, turning to the president of the mess, "I have been grossly insulted. I only ask the mess to allow me to have satisfaction on the spot."

In an instant every man was on his feet. There was a murmur of hushed voices. "Outrageous, by Jove!" "Certainly, he has the right!" "But, I say, we ought to wait for Wilmot." It was plain that Craddock wanted to hurry matters on before Wilmot returned from rounds. But he insisted, and he was a guest. So Maunsell acted as Craddock's second; Powers's captain as his. Maunsell's pistols were brought. The seconds whispered, the candles were all quickly removed to the sideboard and window-sills. All not concerned went outside on the landing at the head of the stone steps.

"One of them stood in that corner, and the other in that, diagonally opposite each other," and the seconds stood, one at each end of the sideboard.

As Wilmot, returning from rounds, turned the southwest corner of the mess-house, he heard a double report. When he entered the mess-room two corpses were being carried into the anteroom.

Next morning the sun rose and lifted the mist veil from the bosom of the mountains, then muffled drums sounded the long roll, and there were six volleys fired.

And so those two graves were made side by side.

THE GRAND DUKE'S ALLIES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

It was nearly midnight, but the Grand Duke's private study was still brilliantly lighted. From outside one would hardly have known it, for the heavy curtains shut off nearly all the brightness, and the study was upon the third floor of a lofty tower overlooking a private court of the ducal castle.

The Grand Duke was worried. He was reading and re-reading a despatch which had been brought by a herald that very afternoon. The more he read it, the less he liked it. His secretary sat opposite him at a table thickly strewn with papers, and with a new quill pen and a nice fresh sheet of parchment waited vainly for something to write.

"Are you all ready?" asked the Duke for the third time.

"All ready," said the secretary, taking about twice too much ink on his pen and squaring his elbows.

"Well, then, write this," said the Duke, clearing his throat.

The secretary carelessly took some more ink.

"Write this," repeated the Duke, frowning terribly, and drawing his chair up to the table.

"Yes, your Grace," said the secretary.

"We thank our noble brother for his insolent favor of the— What day of the month is it?"

"The 15th," said the secretary.

"Of the 15th instant, and we desire to recognize his courteous and knightly offer to besiege our castle at the first opportunity, providing—" Here the Duke paused and began to think. "What does he say in his cartel?" he asked the secretary.

"Your Grace hasn't let me see it," suggested the blond secretary.

He was just out of the University of Padua, and was still a little shaky on moods and tenses, so he desired to proceed with caution.

The Duke handed over the cartel, and the secretary read it. It was as follows:

"*To the so-called Grand Duke of Turpentinia, greeting and defiance:*

"The Baron Benzinus doth call upon thee, thou usurping knave, to surrender all and singular the island wherein thy followers and thyself have established an unlawful dominion, and all its rents, privileges, and emoluments.

"Failing which, the aforesaid Benzinus will, with force and arms in such case made and provided, repossess himself of the same forthwith.

(Signed) "BENZINUS $\underset{\text{mark}}{\overset{\text{his}}{+}}$ BARONUS."

When the secretary had read it through, he turned to the Grand Duke, and said, calmly, "Does your Grace allow himself to be disturbed by such trifles?"

"Trifles, boy!" thundered the Duke, rising to his feet. "Trifles? Why do you talk of trifles? Since yonder sun—I mean—since the orb of day stood at high noon, have I in vain racked my brain for a fitting answer to the Baron's cartel. And you, a beardless clerk, prate thus of t-r-r-ifles, forsooth! Go to, callow lad!"

"Nathless," spake the clerk, with en-kindling eye, "Duke though thou beest—"

"Beast?" exclaimed the Duke.

"Nay, not so!" with hasty tongue broke in the clerklet. "Be-est—that is, second person singular; verb, to be. Though thou *be-est*—"

"Speed on," said the assuaged Duke.

"Duke though thou art," said the clerk, "yet do we scholars mind a ruse or twain."

"By thy downy beard," quoth the Duke, with much heartfelt fervor, "if you don't drop into plain English, I'll put you on bread and water in the donjon keep; mind that!"

Then rose the clerk to the occasion.

"Your Grace," said he, "I did but mean to say that we who can read and write withal do yet know a thing or two."

"Haste thee, haste thee, blithesome clerk," said the Duke, impatiently.

"What I'm getting at is this," thereat the clerk rejoined. "I'm a graduate of the University of Padua."

"Most true," replied the nobleman; "and hired as such."

"And there we learn of divers arts and wiles," resumed the clerk, "including a fine curriculum in politics."

"So, ho!" broke forth his master; "the clerks do deal with politics?"

"Even so, my Lord; and 'tis a noble study."

"But the cartel, boy. What of the cartel?"

"'Tis a spider-web, a nothing. I have a plan. Were I but older, I would myself encounter this burly Baron, and leave him without resource. But, alas! I am but a beginner—a mere B.A. And this needeth the cunning of a D.P. at the very least, a master of the art."

"I grow impatient. The half-hour hath newly struck. Declare thy plan, and in few words."

"Brief," said the eager clerk, "'tis this: Despatch thee a trusty messenger with an extra horse to the university. 'Tis but a dozen leagues, no more. Let him but deliver once into the hands of one Perkinsonius, D.P., a scroll which I shall forthwith indite, and on the morrow, ere the culverin hath barked its last, thine ally shalt be here."

"But the herald, boy, who even now snores heavily in the purple guest-room, will he await the event?"

"Oh, the herald's all right," said the clerk. "Will not his good horse cast a shoe?"

"How?" asked the Duke, perplexed.

"Marry! what could be simpler? A word to the head groom, and the shoe is cast. Another word to the farrier, and the shoeing goeth slowly on, methinks!"

"Truly, lad, thou hast a pretty wit! It shall be done as thou hast planned it," said the Duke, heartily. Then turning to his secretary, the Duke bent close to him and said, in a low tone:

"Hist, my trusty youth! Didst thou but know the truth, Benzinus is not so very far wrong in this, his cartel. My title-deed to this fair duchy is one of steel and brass. How likest thou that?"

"That's about what I thought myself," then spoke the secretary, with a beaming smile. "I saw thee in sorry plight a-seeking reasons where no reasons be."

"No more, no more," said the haughty Duke, with his habitual sternness of manner. "Should it come to blows, my title-deed must again be produced. But first thy friend shalt have his way. But stay," he added, as the clerk gathered up his pens, wafers, sealing-wax, and tapers. "What mean these letters D. P. which Perkinsonius doth so bravely sport? Doctor of Politics?"

"Yes, your Grace," said the secretary, as he bowed low before leaving the apartment.

Before he sought his couch the Duke despatched the trusty messenger with the spare horse, and then gave himself up to pleasant dreams.

Next day the herald came to the audience-room for an answer to the cartel. But just as the Duke was rising to reply to the herald, a page ran in and announced that the head groom had a message to the Duke which was of immediate moment.

"Show him in," said the Duke.

The head groom entered, and told the Duke that the herald's horse lacked a shoe, and that the head farrier was absent at a merry-making, and therefore the herald must needs delay his going.

"'Tis opportune," said the Duke, "for loath are we to part with a knight of such courtly bearing and nobility of demeanor. It is not often one of Baron Benzinus's knightly train doth favor us. Wilt make merry with us, Sir Herald, till our farrier return?"

The herald was having a good time, as he was dressed in his best and was living well, so he made no objection whatever.

The audience was at an end, and the whole court went out to enjoy a game of bowls upon the green.

"Truly the clerkly secretary hath a level head," said the Duke to himself, as he opened the game.

So passed the day in games, in feasting, and in hawking, until the evening sun was red, and the long shadows barred the court-yard lawn.

Suddenly the quick eye of the Duke distinguished a dusty cloud arising upon the winding road which led up to the rock on which the castle perched.

"By my word," said the Duke, "I see two horsemen."

Two handsomely apparelled varlets were sent to greet the coming visitors, and soon returned escorting the man-at-arms whom the Duke had sent to Padua's far-famed university, and a stranger who could be no other than Perkinsonius, D.P.

Perkinsonius, for indeed it was he, had no dignity of mien or grace of bearing. He was a tiny dried-up man, who had lost hair as he grew in wisdom, and whose brain had left his body scarce brawn enough to deck out his bony frame. In other words, he was a bald, thin, old scholar.

Riding straight to the Duke, the pair doffed their head-gear, both helm and hat, and bent the lowly knee down sinking.

"I hope you're well," said the Duke.

"Most hearty, thank your Grace," said the sturdy warrior.

"I complain not," said Perkinsonius, in a thin, high-keyed voice.

"'Tis well," said the Duke. "Come thou, Perkinsonius, to my private rooms. I would confer with thee."

"Conference is wisdom's friend," replied the little man. "Lead on."

Excusing himself to the herald and the lords and ladies (who really did not miss him at all, as he was a very poor player at bowls), the Duke led the way to his study, and was followed by Perkinsonius, D.P. They were joined upon their way by the secretary, who greeted his old master with mingled respect and joy.

Once in the study the trio were ensconced, the Duke signed to his secretary to declare the case. Whereat the same was done right worthily, and with no waste of words. And thus he spoke:

"Doctor, the Duke here is in a parlous state. He's taken this island and made a grand duchy of it, and has for warrant none save his good right hand. Straight cometh a cartel from one Benzinus, a Baron, ordering our good Duke to renounce and quit the place, whereby this same Duke is sore distressed; and thereupon I sent for thee."

"Three heads for two is sure a fair exchange," said Perkinsonius, nodding his head wisely.

"But what shall we do?" said the Duke. "How shall I answer his cartel?"

"To answer unseen words is a task indeed," said the Doctor, smiling.

"Bring in the parchment," called the Duke.

And thereupon a tripping page did daintily advance, parting the arras with a slender arm. The parchment being thus produced, most rapidly was read. Then spake the Doctor in a lightsome vein to the secretary:

"A secretary thou, and deftly driveth quills. A younger hand can better place the words."

The secretary dipped the quill, and waited for the old man to dictate, which he immediately began to do, as follows:

"*To Benzinus, Baron called, but wherefore know I not:*

"These presents to his cartel late received do thus in words most fitly chosen make reply:

"Whate'er hath been usurped to him belongs who showeth better title. What's not usurped, to those who hold doth rightfully belong. Who, then, is he who doth our right demand? If stronger claim he shows, to him must weaker yield. Till then the truce must hold by law of war most rightfully and knightfully maintained. Secure in this appeal, we boldly wait thy answer.

"(Signed)
his
"GRAND DUKE + OF TURPENTINIA."
mark

The Grand Duke made his mark with rugged hand and looked up sore distressed.

"What mean these words?" he asked, with wrinkled brow.

Then snickered loud the clerk, and bald Perkinsonius, D.P., was fain to join.

"In sooth," the clerk explained, "the Baron bold will doubtless walk the floor a many times before he reads them straight."

"Very likely," said the Grand Duke, uneasily; "but what good does that do me?"

"Oh, it gains time," said the secretary.

"And time it is our lives are made up of," said the learned Doctor, recovering his solemnity.

"All right," said the Duke, good-humoredly. "I'm in the hands of my friends. Let it go as it is."

Again the page slid in, and straightway took the roll. Then to the herald it was forthwith delivered, and, his horse having been speedily shod, he departed on his way.

Two or three days passed away. The Duke began to be quite fond of Perkinsonius, D.P., and even called him "Perky" at times, a harmless freedom in which he was imitated by the members of the household, excepting the secretary, who always called the old gentleman "Doctor."

Soon, however, the herald returned with another message from the puissant Baron. The three again convened and read it thus:

"*To that Arch-traitor, the false Grand Duke of Turpentinia:*

"Thy words so deftly turned we read in vain. No answer is returned, so far as we do read. Once more, we write thee, knave, and give thee but one day to answer this our screed.

"Wilt abdicate or fight?

his
"BARON + BENZINUS."
mark

Then was the Duke amazed. "What does he mean now?" he asked, rumpling up his hair, as he always did when mixed in his mind.

"Disquiet fogs the brain," replied Perky, easily. "Play thou at bowls again the while I draft a screed."

This pleased the Duke, and he departed out of hand.

Their heads together bent; the clerkly two conferred, and thus did write reply:

"*To Benzinus, noble born and most descreetly taught:*

"If right we read thy scroll we are to have a day before we needs must say, but still we do not see just when that day begins. Dost mean the day to count as following thy writ? Or shall we have delay until our letter's read?

"Still waiting thy reply,

his
"GRAND DUKE + here writ."
mark

Away went the herald, and the Doctor and the clerk turned themselves loose in the library, and buried deep in books were lost to all the world.

Another day was past, and back the herald came, his horse all flecked with foam, and he himself real mad.

"The Baron Benzinus says he's had enough fooling," said the herald, without dismounting; "and he told me to tell you that he was on the march, and would be here by day-break to-morrow."

"Ride back," said the Duke, after a hasty conference with his advisers, "and tell your noble master that we agree with him that a personal interview is desirable, and that we will meet him with the greatest pleasure."

"But he'll cut my head off if I go back," said the herald. "He said he would."

"Very good," then said the Duke; "perhaps you'd rather stay here?"

"I'd much prefer it," said the herald.

"A singed child objects to flame," said Perky. "Had I his habit, I might be the herald."

"Most fitly spoken," said the Duke.

And as the herald made no objection, the learned Doctor put on the tabard, and sallied forth upon the ambling palfrey's back to meet the Baron bold.

'Twas in a wood they met.

"What have we here?" said the Baron, reining in his fiery charger.

"The dress proclaims the office, noble sir," said Perky.

"Well, speak up, my little man," said the Baron, "for I'm in a hurry."

"Hurry often hideth heedlessness," said Perky.

"'Tis true," said the Baron.

"Halting holdeth hasty hand," went on the Doctor.

"Why, that's true enough also," said the Baron. "But if you have anything to say, you must say it, for I'm on the way to besiege a castle."

"The Grand Duke's?"

"The same," said the Baron. "He has taken possession of a big island out here, and keeps it without warrant."

"And you would oust him?"

"Marry, would I. Yes."

"Through better title, doubtless."

"Sooth 'tis so."

"What title claims he?" said the Doctor, innocently.

"None, except the sword."

"And yours is what?"

"My father owned the place."

"Who gave it him?"

"He won it for himself."

"At bowls, my lord?"

"Not he. In warfare brave."

"His sword, then, gave it him."

"Old man, you speak the truth. By sword 'twas won and kept."

"And then it came to thee?"

"My father died, old man, and thus it came to me."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "since your father won it by the sword, and now the Grand Duke won it by the sword, wherein was your father's sword the nobler of the two?"

The Baron was puzzled. He didn't see clearly how to get out of the little dilemma into which he had walked so blindly. But after thinking a moment, he said: "Old man, I don't see exactly what you're at, but I propose to put the Grand Duke, as he calls himself, out of that castle with this sword. See it?" And he flourished it wildly in the air.

"'Tis plain to be seen," said the Doctor. "But what will you do with the castle after you get it?"

"Live in it."

"And will all these men live there with you?" asked the Doctor, pointing to the army.

"Oh no," said the Baron; "they're fighting for me."

"And what do *they* get?" asked the Doctor.

"Glory," said the Baron, casting an uneasy glance at his men, who had begun to talk among themselves.

"But, really, I think they would rather go home to their families," said the Doctor, pleasantly. Then turning to the men, he said, "All those in favor of going home, please raise their hands."

Every hand went up.

"I thought so," said the Doctor.

The Baron looked surprised. Then recovering himself—for he was a shrewd diplomatist—he said, pleasantly: "Why didn't you say so?" Then turning to the trumpeters, he said: "Strike up a march! Right about face! Forward, march!" And away they went.

When Perkinsonius returned to the Duke's castle the Duke was much pleased, and invited the Doctor to make his home with him. But a month or two afterward, when the Duke's army revolted, forced him to abdicate, and, setting up a republic, elected Perkinsonius first President, he began to doubt the advantages of a university education. But the Doctor and the secretary (who was now Secretary of State) assured him that it was really a great advantage. And so it is.

THE CONTESTED ELECTIONS IN NEW YORK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PROFESSOR NEWTON A. WELLS.

IF the new Legislature of New York elected in November could have been made safely Democratic in both of its branches, there was much which might have been done towards giving the State securely to the Democrats for the next ten or more years. By the Constitution of New York it is required that every ten years there should be an enumeration of the people of the State, and on the basis of this numeration the Senate and Assembly districts are apportioned. In 1885 this enumeration should have been taken, as this is done in New York just midway between the dates of the national census. This census was taken in 1860, 1870, 1880, and 1890; therefore the State enumerations were taken in 1865, 1875, and another should have been made in 1885. But the Legislature was then Republican, and it was confidently believed that a fair count of the inhabitants would have shown so much growth of population in the Democratic strongholds of New York and Brooklyn that the increased number of Assemblymen and Senators from these cities would have given the Democrats pretty nearly always an easy working majority in both Houses. The debates on an enumeration bill took up a large part of the session prior to 1885, and the bill pressed by the Democrats was defeated by the Republicans. Therefore there was no enumeration of inhabitants at the time contemplated in the law. At each session since this question has come up, and it has been impossible to frame a law satisfactory to both parties. Once, indeed, when the Republicans held the Legislature, an enumeration bill was passed. But Governor Hill sent it back with a veto, upon the ground that the bill was unconstitutional in that it created a census bureau something like that at Washington, where an effort is made to find out no end of things with which the government has no need of knowledge or right to acquire it. And so six years have passed without an enumeration and reapportionment of Assembly and Senate districts. This is the burning political question which vexes the practical politicians of New York, and makes them extraordinarily zealous in their partisanship.

And then, again, the present Senate will be called upon to participate in an election of a United States Senator in the place of Mr. Hiscock, whose term will expire before the selection of a new State Senate. When the election was over in November, and the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by a handsome majority, it looked very much as if the Democrats had carried both branches of the Legislature, and the party organs and leaders, as a matter of course, claimed everything. The Republicans were a little less vociferous, but they did not despair that all had been lost. When the smoke from the great political battle had cleared away, it was found that apparent majorities had been received by fourteen Democratic and sixteen Republican candidates for the Senate, while sixty-five Democratic, two independent Democrats, and sixty-one Republican Assemblymen had apparently been chosen. Without the Senate the Democrats could not do a great deal in the enumeration matter, and they were at a decided disadvantage in the prospect of electing a United States Senator, for another Assembly will be chosen before that event, and it might be Republican. Before there is any official significance to election returns, they must be canvassed by county boards and certified to by the county clerks.

There was an immediate effort made by the Democrats, under the immediate direction, it has been charged, of Governor Hill, to change the apparent result of the election for Senators. The first case to be discussed was that of Mr. Francis D. Sherwood, of Hornellsville, who had cast for him a majority of something like seventeen hundred votes to succeed Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, who was the Republican candidate for Governor. The State Constitution provides, that no person shall be eligible as a member of either branch of the Legislature who shall have held any municipal office within one hundred days of the election for the Legislature. Mr. Sherwood was and is, I believe, a Park Commissioner for the town of Hornellsville. Before the election the Democrats asked the Attorney-General whether Mr. Sherwood was eligible. The Attorney-General wrote an opinion in which he held that Mr. Sherwood was not eligible, and copies of this opinion were posted on election day at all of the voting-places in the district. However, a majority of the votes were cast for Mr. Sherwood. The Democrats maintain that votes cast knowingly or unknowingly for an ineligible candidate are void, and that therefore Mr. Sherwood's Democratic opponent received all of the legal votes cast, and was therefore elected. The Republicans maintain that the office of Park Commissioner was not an office of the kind contemplated by the Constitution in making municipal officers ineligible for election. A distinguished jurist, Judge Danforth, I believe, has advanced the ingenious plea that as no such office as Park Commissioner existed at the time of the incorporation of the city of Hornellsville, therefore the office was not one contemplated by the Constitution. Lawyers generally do not think that Judge Danforth would have given such an opinion on the bench, as they do not hold it to be sound. But lawyers think that the Court of Appeals is competent to decide the constitutional question as to what the Constitution means by municipal officers. Such an opinion would have great weight with any Senate, though, after all, each branch of the Legislature has the sole and final power to pass upon the eligibility of its own members. This being the case, it will be seen that the preliminary legal wrangles over the granting of certificates of election were promoted by the interest the politicians feel in securing for one party or the other the organization of the Senate and the selection of the committees.

The next case that arose was that of the Senator for the Poughkeepsie district. The apparent majority of the Republican candidate, Mr. George A. Deane, who has died since the election, was 78. Mr. Deane's illness and death, together with the closeness of the vote, seemed to invite an effort to discover irregularities which might warrant something being done to show that the Democratic candidate had been elected. The Board of Supervisors of Dutchess County in making the count found enough to satisfy the Democratic members of the board that Mr. Deane had not been elected. Section 31 of the ballot reform law says:

> "When the votes are to be estimated and the result declared by a board of county canvassers, or other officers performing similiar duties, such board or officers shall mention separately in the statement or certificate of canvass the number of votes thus questioned which were cast for each candidate, and the specific grounds upon which the same are claimed to be invalid, as set forth in the original certificate of canvass. Such ballots shall be counted in estimating the result of an election, but within thirty days after the filing of the certificate declaring such result, a writ of mandamus may issue out of the Supreme Court against the board of canvassers, or officers acting as such board, by whom the ballots are counted, upon the application of any candidate voted for at the election, to require a recount of the votes, and all questions relating to the validity of such ballots, and as to whether they were promptly counted, shall be determined in such proceedings."

Under the Election Code, Section 273, it is declared that:

> "Upon the statement of votes given for members of the Assembly and county officers, the board shall proceed to determine what person or persons have, by the greatest number of votes, been duly elected to each of the offices mentioned in each statement."

Section 278 of the Election Code says:

> "But such town or ward inspectors and canvassers shall not at such meeting change or alter any decision before made by them, but shall only cause their canvass to be correctly stated."

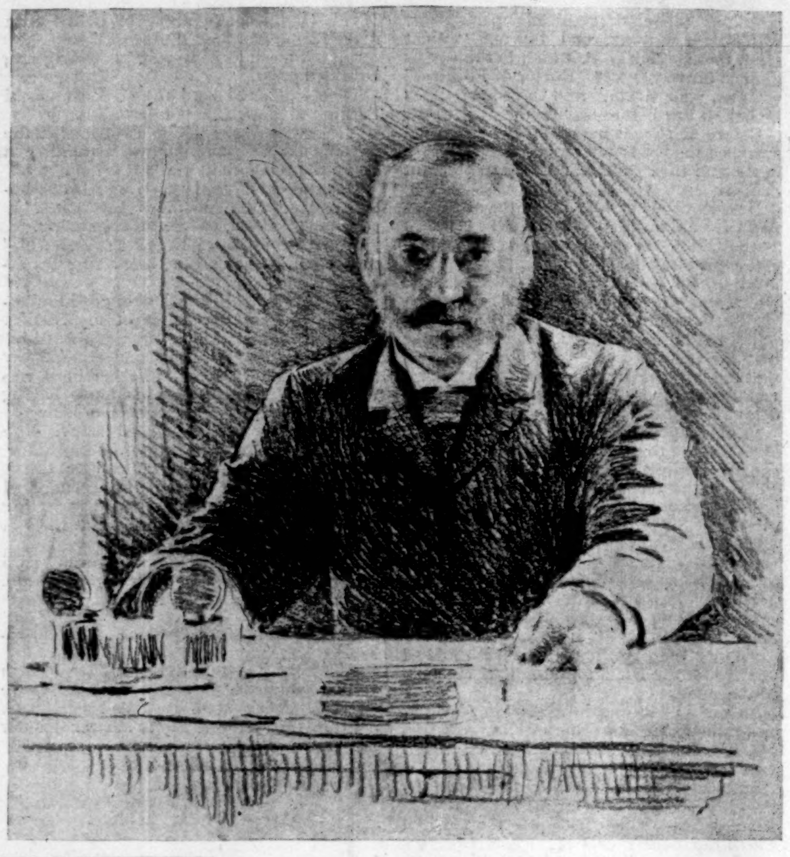
When the board of supervisors filed its report of the canvass, Mr. Hoffman, the County Clerk, was asked to certify to its correctness. This Mr. Hoffman refused to do, and the certificate was made out by John J. Mylod, "Acting Secretary of the Board of Canvassers." Governor Hill, holding that County Clerk Hoffman had no discretion in the matter of issuing the certificate, has removed that officer from his clerkship, and has appointed a successor, who has entered upon his duties, but who has also been restrained by the Supreme Court, without orders from that court, from doing the act for not doing which Mr. Hoffman was removed by Governor Hill. This case, along with others somewhat similar, and of which something will be said directly, is now before the Court of Appeals, the cases having been expedited, and while this paper is going to press, the lawyers, among whom are some of the most eminent members of the bar of the State, will be arguing the merits of the case, *pro* and *con*. It is an interesting legal situation, for if any other man in the State except the Governor had taken the liberty Governor Hill has taken with the decrees of a court, he would have been in contempt. But the Governor, for an official act, cannot place himself in contempt of court, though of course for any personal dereliction of law the Governor is amenable just as any other citizen is. For his official acts he can only be punished by impeachment.

In Onondaga County the fight has been over the election of an Assemblyman. The apparent votes showed the election of the Republican candidate, David A. Munro, Jun., over Patrick J. Ryan, Democrat. The canvassers found that by some errors in the County Clerk's office, some of the ballots had been marked, and some bundles meant for one district were sent to another, and the opposite. It was also found that in some instances the votes were for David A. Munroe, some for David A. Munroe, Jun., though most of those cast for the Republican candidate were cast correctly for David A. Munro, Jun. The county board of canvassers, of which R. E. Dorchester, who is said to be the leader of the "Hill Democracy" in Onondaga County, is chairman, concluded to throw out all the votes cast for Mr. Munro and which the Board considered irregular for the reasons just intimated. This would give the election to Mr. Ryan, the Democrat. The County Clerk, Mr. Cotton, refused, as Mr. Hoffman had done in Dutchess County, to certify as to the correctness of the returns, and he was upheld in his refusal by Judge Kennedy, before whom the matter had been brought. Meantime charges had been preferred with the Governor against Mr. Cotton, for carelessness or worse in sending out marked ballots, and bundles of ballots to the wrong place. Governor Hill hurried up the case, and removed Mr. Cotton from office, and appointed his successor. Judge Kennedy, a venerable man, who is accused by the Democrats of having been a henchman of Tweed, in the days when that leader of Tammany Hall was running the politics of the State of New York, is a man who is acknowledged to have both ability and firmness, but Governor Hill seems to share the opinion of some other Democrats in thinking that Judge Kennedy, a zealous Republican, could not be depended upon in an emergency which provoked strong partisan feeling. The Governor therefore directed Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, a Justice of the Supreme Court, to go to Syracuse and hold an extraordinary Special Term. The pictures printed on this page of the WEEKLY were made while Judge O'Brien and Judge Kennedy were hearing this case in Syracuse. Mr. Marshall appeared as the lawyer for the Democrats, and Mr. Goodelle for the Republicans. After a consultation between the judges and lawyers, Judge Kennedy made this announcement:

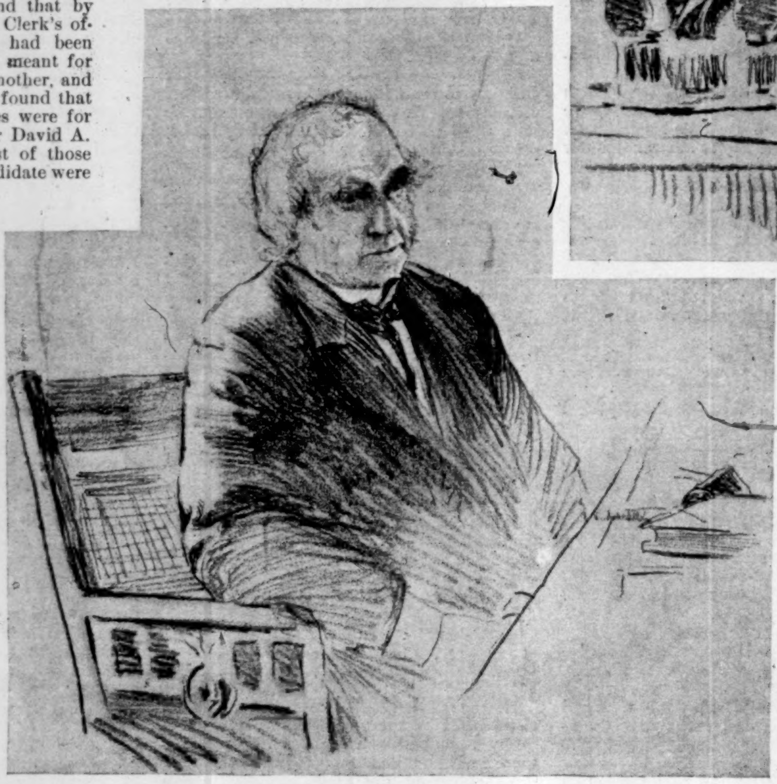
> "In view of the importance of the questions which are involved in the political controversy existing here, it has been thought wise on the part of the court to suggest such an arrangement in reference to the several matters involved as would best promote the interests and the rights of all the parties, including the people as well as those immediately interested. That suggestion has been made by the court to the counsel representing the respective parties, and they, in the exercise of that good judgment for which they are remarkable, have yielded to the suggestions of the court."

After a review of the situation, and another brief conference with Judge O'Brien, Justice Kennedy said:

> "I am requested, and I most cheerfully say, that the relations existing between the justice holding the extraordinary Special Term and myself in all these proceedings have been of the most happy character, and in harmony with the suggestions which I have made as contained in these stipulations. The justice presiding at that Special Term will direct the entry of the necessary orders to carry out these several rulings that have been made upon the application here."



JUDGE O'BRIEN ON THE BENCH.

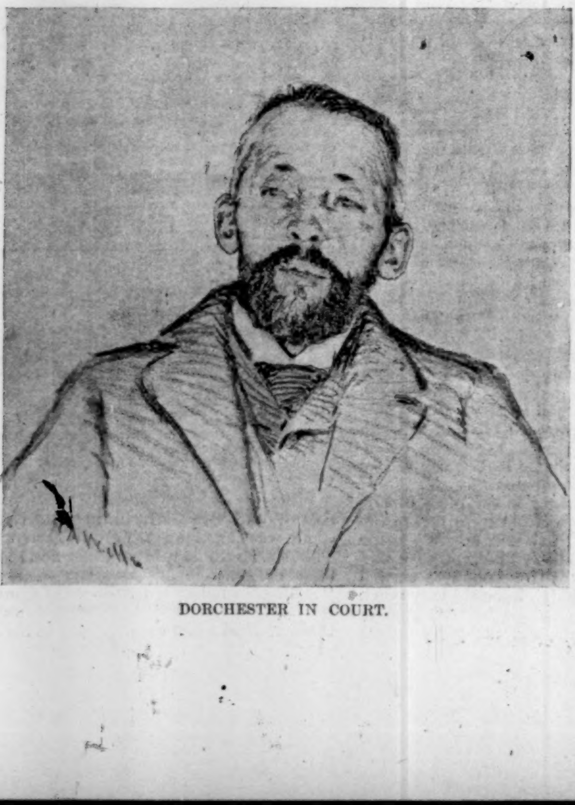


JUDGE KENNEDY ON THE BENCH.

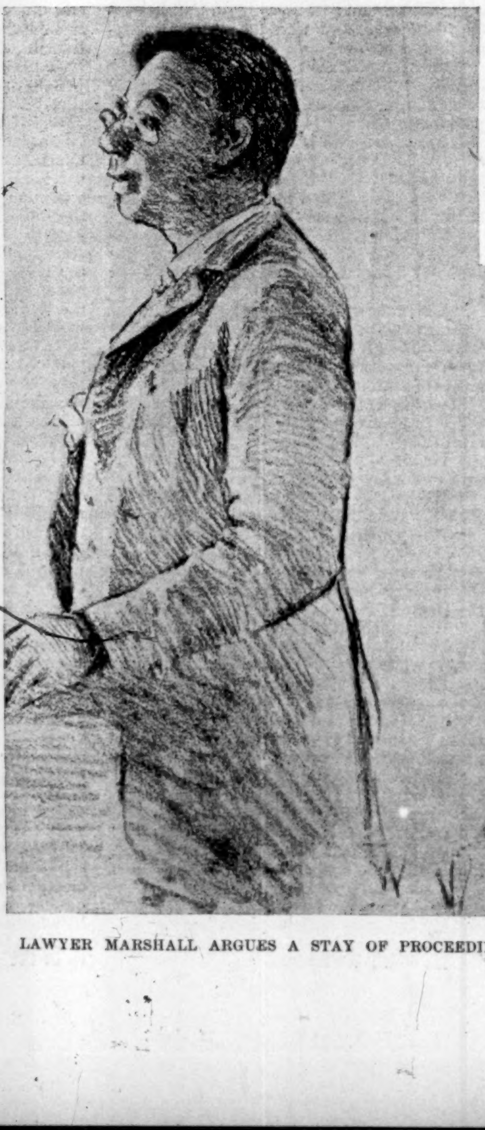
In announcing the terms of the stipulation, Justice Kennedy said:

> "A general statement of the result of the negotiation between counsel, based upon the action of the two courts, may be succinctly stated as follows: The application made for a mandamus of the board of canvassers for a recount and recanvass of the votes for Senator of this district has been granted, coupled with a condition in the order that the interested parties may intervene as parties, each upon his own behalf. The application for a mandamus to the board of canvassers in reference to the recanvass of the votes for member of Assembly in the First District has also been allowed; but that allowance also is subject to certain conditions which it has been deemed wise to attach to it, and the conditions mainly may be stated, so far as the question involved is now particularly concerned, to be that the errors, if they necessitate any special returns of the district canvassers of the Third Ward, shall be corrected and filed in the office, and made to conform to the facts in that case; that the question in reference to the canvass of what has been denominated or may be denominated misspelled votes or ballots, and which is involved in the mandamus applied for, is to be held in abeyance until certain steps are accomplished, to which allusion will now be made.
>
> "It is provided between these parties interested upon each side, to the end that justice shall be done to all, that the proceedings of the canvassers in these respective cases and upon them shall be suspended until the questions which are involved, and upon which the challenge is made, have been determined by the General Term of this court to be convened for that purpose, or, if thought necessary, by the court of last resort. When that judgment shall be obtained, it will be a judicial settlement of these questions which have so long distressed us here, and a settlement such as every good citizen will yield to, because there can be no suggestions that any decision which shall be made by either of these high tribunals will be influenced by any motive other than the motive of justice to the people and the parties concerned.
>
> "It is suggested that the application which was made to Mr. Justice O'Brien for a stay of proceedings upon the mandamus that was issued by another Special Term, over which I have the honor to preside, to wit, looking to the correction of these errors of the returns of several districts, that that application is to be denied. Those returns, as I have suggested heretofore, will, in compliance with the requirements of the mandamus in that case, as is believed by the court, be properly corrected and properly filed, until all questions arising in that canvass and in reference to the vote cast have been determined in the manner I have suggested.
>
> "I also desire to say in connection with this that if this arrangement between these parties be carried out in good faith, upon the proper application, I shall be allowed to dispose of the particular question before me in reference to the inspectors."

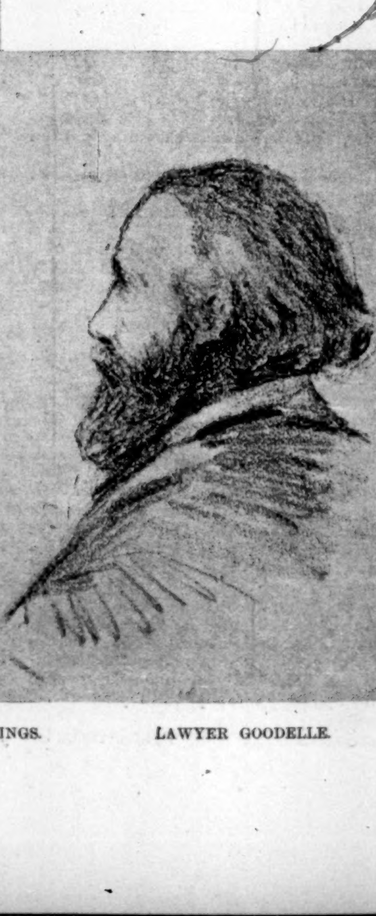
Before another WEEKLY shall go to press these questions will doubtless have been passed upon by competent courts, so that the Senate and Assembly can organize, and each pass, as each has the right to do, on the qualifications of the members and the validity of their election.



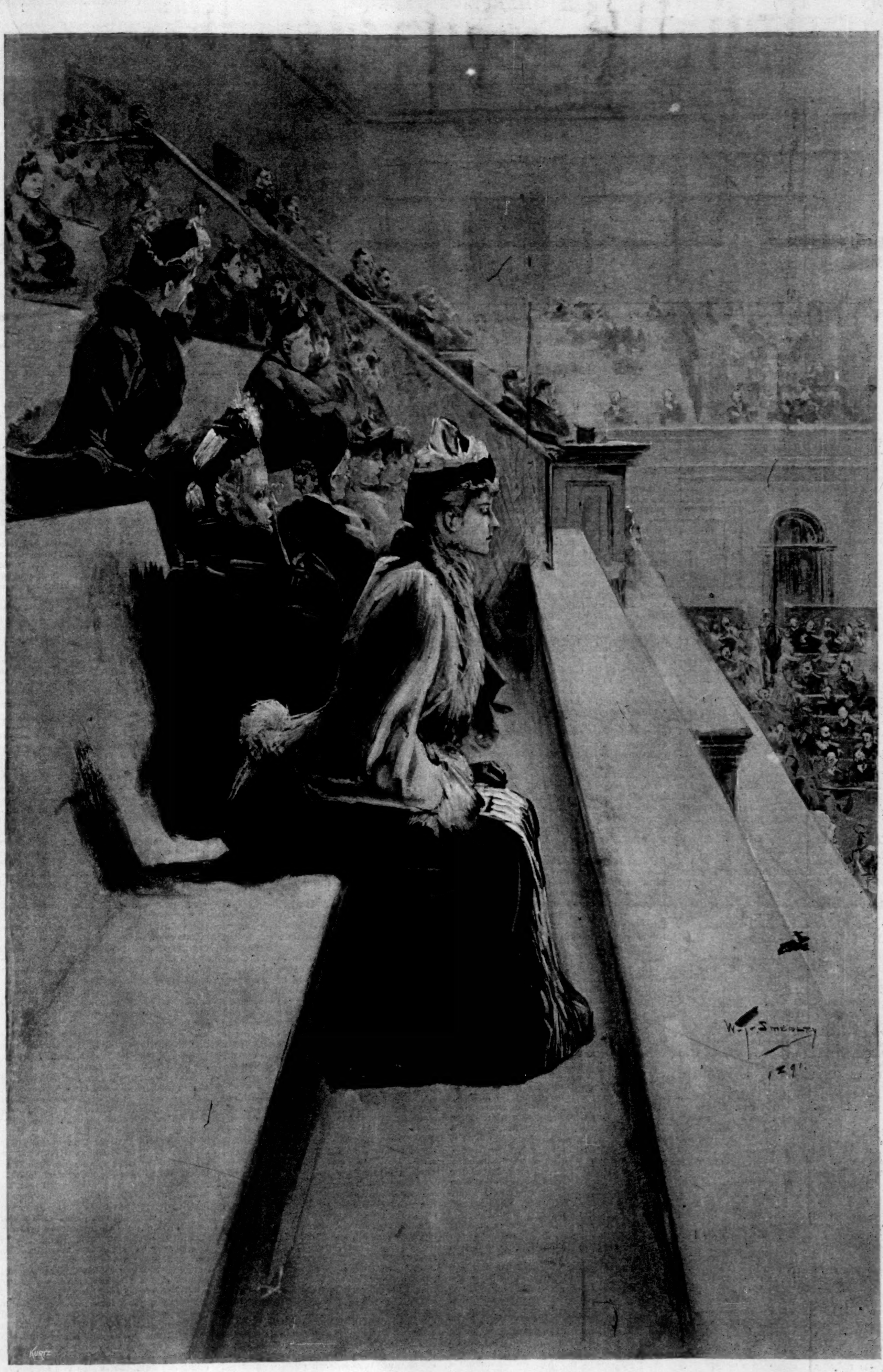
DORCHESTER IN COURT.



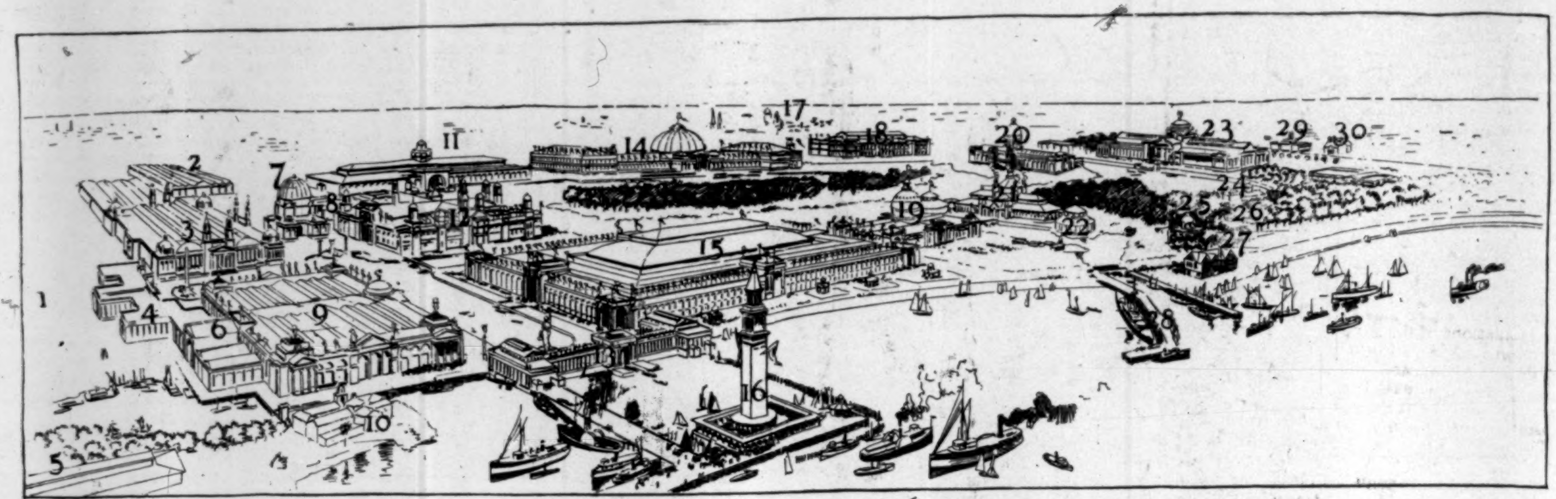
LAWYER MARSHALL ARGUES A STAY OF PROCEEDINGS.



LAWYER GOODELLE.


W. T. SMEDLEY
KURTZ

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS—THE LADIES' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.



KEY TO BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

1. Sixty-three Acres reserved for Live-stock Exhibit. 2. Railway Approach. 3. Machinery Hall, 17⅛ Acres. 4. Assembly Hall. 5. Forestry Building, 2⅛ Acres. 6. Annex to Agriculture Building. 7. Administration Building. 8. Hall of Mines and Mining, 8⅛ Acres. 9. Agriculture Building, 15 Acres. 10. Reproduction of "La Rabida Convent," where Columbus retired. 11. Transportation Exhibit, 18⅗ Acres. 12. Electrical Building, 9⅛ Acres. 13. The great Peristyle and Music Hall Café. 14. Horticulture Hall, 6⅛ Acres. 15. Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, 44 Acres. 16. Casino and Pier. 17. Villages of All Nations. 18. Woman's Building. 19. United States Government Building. 20. Illinois State Building. 21. Fisheries Building and Deep-sea Aquaria. 22. Life-saving Station, etc. 23. Galleries of Fine Arts. 24. Japan. 25. France, Mexico, and Germany. 26. Foreign Building. 27. England. 28. United States Naval Exhibit. 29. New York. 30. Massachusetts.

THE EXPOSITION AS IT WILL BE.

BY M. A. LANE.

WRAP yourself up in your furs, if you have furs, strap your coats tight at the bottom, and make fast your head-gear; for it is December, and you are about to visit the World's Columbian Exposition. Uptown the snow flies in all directions. It should really come down and fall gently on the earth, like the proverbial tear of the traditional angel. But the wind is not satisfied with such a poetic distribution of matters, and smites the snow. And the snow responds in such a fashion as makes a veritable swirl, blinding the eyes of horses and drivers, wrecking umbrellas, and disturbing the peace every second.

If you are not a strong man physically, and have not the courage of your convictions, excuse yourself politely, and stay at home. The fierce uncompromising genius of Lake Michigan has but small sympathy for weak humanity, and the wind spirit of the Flats of Calumet has no reck of tender skin or of a delicate organization. But it is truly worth looking at, truly worth going at least seven miles to see, because if you do not see it now—when the winds blow, and the waters roar, and the snow-flakes bite, and the sky frowns on you—you will not so keenly enjoy the contrast of the transformation scene. They are now working at it behind the flats and aside the wings. The gauze and the tinsel are there, but they are hidden now. Black will make place for crimson, dull drab for bright blue, harsh yellow for soft umber, black and spiritless gray for purple and gold and red, banks of hard clay for velvet sward.

There are two gateways by which you may enter the Columbian Exposition. One is by land, the other by water. The first is the only one available at present. The second is as full of peril as it is of wonder and grand beauty. Resting securely on the solid earth, one may look at the water gateway and admire it, but there is no ship so brave, no human heart so stout, that would care to navigate it. Entering by the gateway on land is hardship enough. For the wind blows over sea, and the storm howls, and the snow-flakes blind. The cold and the storm have laid their hands on the work, and have tried to strangle enterprise. Things seem dead, and are dead so far as much of the outward progress of the scheme is concerned. A laborer, a mechanic, a supervising architect, is a human being after all, and there is no humanity in asking him to work under such great disadvantages. That is why the outlook seems dead.

But the signs of activity are everywhere. Here are great piles of lumber; there are great piles of iron beams. Yonder are banks of earth thrown up as if hurriedly, like the abandoned breastworks of an army that has moved away. A little way in front are giant cranes nodding, as it seems, in the wind. Toward the south there are three or four immense black blotches on the ground, rising just above the surface. Further on come the dull, indefinite outlines of thousands of feet of black walls, shaped columnwise, with now and then a naked or an unfinished arch, through which the winds howl and whistle. Near these rise companies of columns thrown together seemingly without order or design.

In the foreground, stretching away to the south, is a sheet of water, from the middle of which appears, white and bleak and blown, an island of considerable size. Beyond this island the sheet of water continues, turning from itself at right angles and flowing into the lake; say, rather, fed by the lake. At one side of it a great pier projects itself into the foaming sea, and after burrowing a thousand feet or more through the breakers it creates and angers, comes to a sudden stop. At either side of the inlet is a big bank of earth braced at the water ends by what looks like a double wall of piles, through which the water runs and against which the foam dashes. Bordering the inlet are solid foundation walls, enclosing floor space that covers acres in the flat. In two or three places—solitary spots, as it would seem, looking at them from above—rise into the air crude suggestions of rounded domes.

The place is wild and picturesque, and at this season of the year most uninviting. They have divided up the entire grounds into appropriate spaces that are marked by serpentine tan-bark paths, which in next May will be seen clearly, but which are now mere tracings. Snow has fallen on them and has been melted, and the water has frozen over them, and more snow has fallen on them, and for purposes of locomotion they are useless. But when the engineer in charge laid them out, and bent his chalk-lines for the workmen to follow, he had a map of the future grounds with all their improvements in his mind. And these tan-bark paths will remain unchanged, and will be trampled by millions of human feet before two years have passed.

The site of the exposition—that portion of it, at least, in all parts of which the improvements have been made—occupies an area of 600 acres. Looking at it now, one will feel two impressions: of the immensity of the undertaking, and of the possibilities as judged by the progress already made. It is worth noting that all who have seen the enterprise in its present development have said that they could not put into words the vastness of the conception; and more, that when completed it could not fail of partaking of the truly marvellous. Few have stopped to analyze these impressions; but when carefully studied they will be found to be made up of two elements. The first is the proximity of Lake Michigan, a body of water in many respects more striking than the sea; for whether in June, when its dead surface, true as a level, glitters with every color of the spectroscope, or in December, when its fury might wreck the best boat that ever sailed, it is one of the wonders of the New World. The second element is the utter flatness of the country. Had the surface a hill here or there, or even a bit of thick woods to stop the prospect, the vastness of the effect would be lost. And even now, crude as the affair is, unfinished as it may be, the roar of this lake and the interminable aspect of the place are known with the same striking wonder.

Leaping one spring and two winters, coming up with the Columbian Exposition, say, in the month of June and in the year 1893, this 600 acres of land will be seen to have undergone a most marvellous change—a change outlined in the picture of the bird's-eye view. The gateway on the water has been finished, and through it pour almost as many people as stream through the gateway on the land. This is really the most attractive point in the entire plan. Against the sky, rising like a Pharos, the first object to be seen by the passengers on a lake boat is the tall tower that has been built at the end of the long pier. This tower is the index of the fair. It can be seen long before the glittering golden dome of the Administration Building bursts into the horizon, long before the festal flags on the great Manufactures Building are seen fluttering, long before the noble double row of noble statues crossing the great basin behind it appears. It is 250 feet high, and its pyramidal top rides the sea and becks on.

And now appear the pennants that are floating from the topmasts of ships in the harbor; next, the American flag that is flung from the top of the Administration Building; next, the swelling airy Carthaginian dome itself; then suddenly three or four other domes, variously colored, arise; then eight-and-forty statues on the balustrade crossing the basin, not forgetting the arch of entry that spans the inlet, on its summit a severely classic group of sculpture. Now, by degrees, the entire panorama comes into the eye. Mark now, you are on the lake, looking at the picture from the east toward the west. This is the best view of it all, even better than that to be had from the cupola of the Administration house.

Pre-eminent stands the tower, 1000 feet from the shore, at the eastern end of the long pier. The harbor all about it is thronged with craft of all sort—modern steamers, Chinese junks, schooners, yachts, full-rigged ships, Venetian boats, and great canoes with floating sun-shades; hundreds of sails of all colors, and flags of every nation on earth. Huge above all, toward the right, is the American man-of-war, erected there by the government; and near it the pavilion of the British government, where English representatives will parley with all sorts of people from everywhere.

The black wall that stretched away to the north, leaving an angle of ground, is now the eastern front of the Manufactures Building, and the black ground before it is now a beautiful sward, dotted with tents and booths and cafés, and filled with people. At that place where the sward widens into a quasi-triangle, a company of soldiers in bright array and glistening arms are manœuvring. The parade along the shore of the lake is lined with people. There is an indistinct hum in the air—the commingled effect of the noise of machinery, the business of the crowds, the activity of the exposition.

One glance is sufficient to show that a special effort has been made to centralize the water view about one point. That, it is plain, is the point whereat rises the arch of entry with the classic groups at its top. In the original design this matter was treated in another fashion. Where now crosses the double colonnade, with the coffered balustrade, and the figures resting on it over the columns, was a peristyle showing thirteen columns surmounted by thirteen sculptured figures representing the thirteen original States. At the end of the pier, where now rises the tower, was a smaller tower rising from the midst of four pavilions, which, altogether, were called the Casino. It was deemed that a more imposing effect could be produced by the elimination of the pavilions, the rising of the tower to a point higher than was at first contemplated, and the replacing of the peristyle with the double row of columns surmounted by forty-eight statues representing the company of the States in the Federacy as it now exists. To this was added the idea of the grand arch, calculated to emphasize the entrance of the fair from the water, and render more grand the general effect of the great basin and the great court of which it forms a part. The change seems certainly for the better, for while the curved line is absent, the increase in the number of sculptured figures endows the view with a richness not realized in the first design.

At either end of the balustrade is a large extension. The one to the right is an auditorium arranged after the fashion of a theatre that will seat an audience of 2500 persons. Here Theodore Thomas's orchestra is heard, and at times European musicians and artists who have come to the fair on the invitation of the heads of this department. The extension at the left of the balustrade is a house of rest, provided with an ample café. Beneath these the water flows freely in and out through the spaces between the columns, and small craft pass through. There are landings on both sides, and flights of steps going down to the water. That great square structure with the large skylight at the right of the basin behind the figures of the States is the Building of the Manufactures. That directly opposite it on the left bank of the basin is the Building of Agriculture. At the head of the inlet, forming one side of the quadrant, rises the Building of the Administration. To its left is the Hall of Machinery; and back of that, looking toward the left, is the circus for live-stock. And south of that circus range the sheds wherein are quartered the cattle and animals of agriculture.

They have called the Administration Building the focus of the fair. This is quite apparent as the map is regarded from this vantage—the deck of the steamer on the lake. There, to the right of it, are the Transportation Building, the department of Mines and Mining, the department for Garden Culture with its flat dome and length of structure; and to the north of it, the Woman's Building. Here, near the English pavilion, where we saw only rude suggestions of construction rising out of a lake, is that architectural beauty, the department of the Fisheries. West of it, high of dome, stands the Illinois State Building; and north of that the Palace of the Fine Arts. This latter is a superb bit of work, whose classic details were excogitated and combined by Mr. C. B. Atwood, the chief designer of the construction department. Had Mr. Atwood been at work on a permanent matter, he would have thrown that porch back and placed the pillars closer together, but the nature of the affair was such as to bind him to the necessity of drawing out an entrance. And there is no critic ungenerous enough to complain.

As we look at the fair now in the full flush of all its glory, we can readily appreciate the difficulties of portraiture encountered by the artists who painted it in the days when the site was in its first stages. Lack of detail confronted them. They had the official material to work on, but there were many naked places. For instance, to the north, where the greensward melts away, is a little city of fantastic houses with waving flags. These are the buildings erected by the various States of the Union. Near the group cluster other and still more fantastic buildings, where are gathered the houses built by the foreign nations who have desired special exhibits of their own. There is no vacant space either on the ground itself or near by, for every available inch has been bought or leased by private enterprises, and has been improved by men and companies that have been anything but dead to the opportunities presented for enriching themselves. A tower of observation, like that of the Eiffel project at Paris, pierces over all to a painful height. Buildings devoted to private electrical displays skirt the edges of the place, and contrivances of all sorts to tempt curiosity and capture a floating penny are in no wise lacking to fill up the vacancies and to round out the *ensemble*. At the extreme north, over the trees of the park, the house-tops of the city fill the eye until they are lost in the city's smoke, and melt into a blue-black line of horizon. Toward the south is the lake; toward the southwest, green prairies dotted with villages. Nijnii-Novgorod represents the spirit of acquisition and traffic in its fiercest semi-barbaric form. The Chicago fair represents the civilization of the earth.

After leaving your boat and entering well within the grounds, you are struck with one strange sight. It is beyond all controversy the most striking combination you have ever seen in methods of transportation, and it matters little whether you have gathered birds' nests in Java or paid liberal fees to the Buddhists of Colombo. Overhead you observe three lines of people; one line is being carried along afoot at the rate of ten miles an hour or so. These swift travellers pass their neighbors, who are making way less rapidly, and the third line is slower still. At times they change places—the speedy ones shifting to the slow pace, the slow ones shifting to the speedy pace. In other words, you have at hand that celebrated travelling elevated sidewalk that relieves the visitors of the necessity of walking. This sidewalk and an elevated electric passenger railway are the two chief methods of locomotion in the grounds. There are chairs, of course, and palanquins, and Hindoo travelling-booths carried by real coolies, and the man-cab, or jinrikisha, of Japan, and the gondoliers of Venice, and the rolling cozy of London, and what not. But the real novelty is the travelling sidewalk, that whips you around in a circuitous route, and lands you at the open portal of any department you desire. There are three divisions to it, one faster than the other. It is quite easy to step from the division moving at the rate of three miles an hour to the one travelling at the rate of six miles an hour, and thence to the nine-mile-an hour division. You observe that it is patronized almost exclusively by Americans.

Now that you have seen the fair as it looks from afar under the glare of the sun, you must not be satisfied until you have seen it as it looks from the same stand-point at night, in the darkness. Of course the first visible thing is the crown of arc lights clustering about the top of the Pharos. A million lights change and shift. There is a collection of little whitely glowing suns that are suddenly dampened, and in their stead glows the radiance of a star cluster. The incalculable combinations of the seven primary colors are wrought out by unseen workers in a hundred different places, and are flung into the air. Prismatic tints chase shadows in a thousand directions. From the middle of the ground rises a great glowing dome of liquid fire. The turrets of the big building for electricity dance with sunshine.

And now, as you come still closer, the whole body of Lake Michigan is transformed into a sea of brilliantly shining and variously tinctured waves whose aspect at first frightens and then awes. The boat dances easily on this magic sea, and one is dazzled and almost made sick with the splendor. There is light everywhere—light of all shades, and colors of all intensity and softness, of all degree and combination. No dreamer of Bagdad could have pictured to his active and large imagination such a phantasy as this. Mr. Edison himself, who is the special magician that has animated the waters of the lagoon and the lake, can scarcely credit the result of his idea.

It is therefore, without doubt, a fact that however gorgeous the exposition may be as seen from the tower during the day, it is by no means comparable with the exposition as it is seen at night. From this tower a series of search-lights are operated, whose effects are really startling, and this only adds to the bewildering bedazzlement of the scene.

It may be said, at all events, that if the Columbian Exposition does nothing else, it will set men thinking as to what the world will be like when science knows more about the force that Benjamin Franklin brought down out of a thunder-cloud.

AMATEUR · SPORT

The Harvard Athletic Committee's very graceful compliment to the benighted denizens of this city, by including New York within the hallowed confines of New England, is as delicate as it is pointed. The spectacle of dilettante Boston forsaking the throne of Ibsen to smile an æsthetic approval at our tall buildings and elevated railroads is at once affecting and extraordinary. Harvard's Athletic Committee is reported to be a much-abused body, so much so that it considered it necessary, on the evening of December 8th, to call a meeting for the purpose of explaining the reason of its existence. That its reasons were ample and complete there is no manner of doubt. Indeed, the completeness of Harvard's athletic government is not half appreciated, and it may be interesting to readers of this department to learn something of its early history. The first record of athletic government at Harvard appears to go back to 1882, when, one day in May, during the progress of a Faculty meeting, an instructor of the college had the temerity to walk unattended into their midst and "claim the floor." He solemnly declared "his hands held a document of grave import to the college," which, on being opened to the gaze of the astonished Faculty, proved to be a no less vital paper than the schedule of the baseball games for that spring. The captain or manager, it seems, had been somewhat worsted by the other captains and managers, for nineteen of the games were to be played away from Cambridge.

When the Faculty had recovered their composure after this startling piece of information, the necessity of immediately appointing guardians for simple-minded captains was apparent to all. Forthwith an investigating committee of five was given control of the matter, and the intrepid instructor and astounded Faculty breathed once again. The imbecility of captains being provided for, matters ran along smoothly for a few years; "the number of men engaged in athletics and the number of contests had been constantly increasing since '80." The Athletic Committee had looked upon this as a subject for congratulation, but "many old graduates, who could remember the days when the race with Yale was the sole undergraduate contest, began to take alarm." Not being able to convince the students that they were travelling the road to certain destruction, these alarmists held a meeting and appointed Overseers, who were charged with "investigating the whole matter," which of course included the competency of the Athletic Committee to decide on imbecilic captains and the fitness of the Faculty to keep the university from going to the dogs.

In their superior enlightenment four of the five Overseers recommended "that all intercollegiate contests for the future be forbidden." Curiously enough, their report was not accepted; and then the suggestion to confine contests to New England, etc., followed, and opened discussion on what eventually became a ruling. Thus it came about that the May-day instructor of 1882, with his grave air and remarkably acute scent of danger, has been the means of making Harvard's athletics the most completely governed of any university in the world. Each branch of sport has its Graduate Advisory Committee, which, again, is answerable to the Board of Overseers, the Athletic Committee, the Faculty, and the Corporation.

There has been quite a bit of good-natured fun poked at the intricate ramifications of Harvard's athletic government; but no one presumes to question Harvard's right to govern her athletics as she pleases, so long as she does not break faith with the other colleges. In all seriousness, this Athletic Committee has benefited Harvard's athletics very materially, and at the same time indirectly aided the advancement of athletics in some of the other universities. But the same end could have been accomplished with infinitely less turmoil, and a much less exaggerated idea of the gravity of the situation. It has been like taking a case of petty larceny up to the Supreme Court. We all acknowledge Harvard's good position in athletics; we all love her athletes, her oarsmen, football players, baseball players, and the rest, and it pains us when such unsportsmanlike scenes as those which marked last year's baseball fiasco are dragged before us. The New England rule, assuming it to be in fact what it claims, is an acknowledgment of weakness; for why is such a rule necessary if there are several committees with especial functions to guard against what startled that timorous instructor, and subsequently the Faculty, May 29, '82? But the New England rule seems to be simply a cloak convenient to hide behind when occasion presses for specific reasons. When it suits the pleasure of Harvard's Committee, Overseers, Faculty, and the rest of them to put aside the New England rule, it is done, and will continue to be done. So long as Harvard masquerades in this manner, she must not expect us to take her declarations of reformation seriously.

There is one stand of Harvard's that is not only very wise, but must eventually result in general following, at least among the larger colleges, and that is the determination not to join any leagues or associations with her teams. Those who look into the future of college sport must see that the "championship" confined to one or two or three college teams is going some day to be a decidedly empty title. It will not be many years now before a dozen, probably more, colleges besides Yale, Princeton, and Harvard will be able to get together teams in every branch of sport strong enough to make the winner doubtful. For Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, or any two of them, therefore, to form a league and contest for football or baseball championships would be ridiculous. The elusive championship has no place in university circles. No college team or crew has any claim to the title until it has defended it against all able to make a contest. A championship must necessarily be open to all comers. There will be baseball and football contests between Harvard and Princeton next year, and the arrangements between them should be the model for all future contests of a like nature. Let every college arrange for games with every other college it cares to play, and these, of course, will naturally be with the ones in their own class. The two strongest teams may as naturally come together for a last game, if they like, but let the word "championship" be stricken from the intercollegiate contract.

Gould's resignation of the Yale crew captaincy came rather unexpectedly on the undergraduates, but was hardly a surprise to the boating graduates or to this department, which foreshadowed as much some time ago. Gould resigned not that he shirked the responsibility, but because he felt he was not the man best fitted for the position. And that reminds us, would it not be a wise innovation for crews and elevens and nines to be less hasty in the election of a captain. It is the custom now at the close of a season to choose a leader for the following year. Fortunately this works well more times than it does to the contrary, but those few times of misconnection carry the greater disappointment to the ones interested. Not every man who is a good fellow and a skilful oar will make the best captain, and more time should be taken in considering the capabilities of the candidates. True, a crew or team is disposed to be very fair immediately on the close of the season, but a searching discussion of the qualifications of those presented for office will not delay matters materially, and it may save time and annoyance. Neither the Yale nor Harvard crew will be captained next summer at New London by the men chosen after the race last June.

And this again reminds that there is some hesitancy just at the moment in one or two directions over the election of captains for next year's teams, the difficulty being to decide between brilliant graduate material that may return and undergraduate material that is fair only. Mr. Perkins, who captained Harvard's winning crew last year, graduated the same year, but was re-elected captain on the supposition that he was to return for a post-graduate course. He did return, but with a clearer understanding of the relative positions of graduates and undergraduates in college sport, and in consequence tendered his resignation. This department has always maintained that college athletics require one more step to place them on an ideal basis, one where there would be an end forever of all discussion as to a man's eligibility, and that is, in addition to the five-year rule, the promulgation of a law prohibiting any athlete from representing his university on track, water, or gridiron when he has *ceased to be an undergraduate*. Some college men argue against this that such a ruling would work to the detriment of baseball, football, or rowing; that it would lessen the opportunities of skilled play by losing to the teams or crews the services, example, and steadying influence of brilliant graduates. The argument is sophistical. A particular team or crew might be weakened, to be sure, one year by the loss of one or two individual members, but to retain them is only putting off the day of reckoning.

There is seldom a year when there are not *bona fide* undergraduates who are veterans, and capable of furnishing all the example necessary for sustaining the skill of the sport. However, there is little use in journeying to Utopia for rules which the powers behind the intercollegiate throne would effectually sit on were they suggested. Since it is the fashion that we have the athletic star back for further fortification—by way of a post-graduate course in law or medicine—against the "slings and arrows" that may come to him in the work-a-day world, may we not ask that his presence be made a little less conspicuous by being kept in the rank and file of workers. It is a grave error to elect a graduate captain of any eleven, nine, or crew; his "example" and "influence" will be quite as valuable in a less prominent position. He is no longer one of them; he has passed into the outside world; he may return to advise and play with them, but his assumption of the command is a rank injustice.

The re-election of Trafford at Cambridge is a very flattering acknowledgment of his team's confidence in him. Aside from this, it conclusively shows Harvard to have shaken free from that wretched vacillation of purpose which a few years ago was bringing constantly recurring defeats upon her teams and crews. It was wont to be the Harvard custom that when a man was beaten he should be deposed. Cumnock was almost the first instance of a beaten leader being backed up to go on, and the result was victory. Whether or not Trafford repeats that success, his re-election shows Harvard to have at last realized that defeat does not always call for the death of the king. Mr. Trafford's published denial of the Boston newspaper story that some Yale men in the Harvard law school had divulged the team's signals is manly and sportsman-like, and reflects credit on the teachings of his *alma mater*, his team, and himself.

The election of King to the captaincy of the Princeton football eleven is the reward of merit if ever there were such a case. A year ago it was his curly head that bucked into the Yale line more steadily and with a greater effect than the men in blue would care to admit. This year, on the Manhattan Field, the man who eventually brought to the earth fully one-half of the Yale runners was King. The only man who *followed* Bliss in his long run, and, overtaking him just before he reached the goal, made a desperate effort to stop him, was King.

It was also King's encouraging voice that called on the Princeton men for many a sullen determined stand as they were being battered down into their goal by the aggressive never-flagging team play of Yale. Under such attacks defeat easily becomes a rout; but no team with King on it will ever fail "to die in the last ditch," no matter how they may be out-classed.

But in the election of King the valuable work of Warren is by no means forgotten. Beginning with prospects enough to discourage the most valiant, with four places out of the seven in the line to fill, and none but green material from which to choose, left coachless for days at a time, he nevertheless developed an eleven—on which were five first-year men—that was able to keep the strongest team Yale ever put on the field from scoring in the first forty-five minutes on Thanksgiving day. In these days of advanced football a man cannot play his best game at end and captain a team also. Warren at end is a very valuable man; saddled with the captaincy, his services are neutralized.

Yale has not yet chosen the man to lead her football eleven next year. Apparently they are waiting to see who is going to return. Barbour, Heffelfinger, and Bliss have been mentioned as candidates. Of the three, on actual merit, there is no question that Heffelfinger would make the best captain. He has acted in that capacity this past season when McClung has been absent, and aside from that experience, he knows more football than any man on the team. But he was graduated in '91, and Barbour will graduate next June. There is talk of them both returning another year, and the chances are good that they will; but if they do, the election of either one of them to the captaincy would unquestionably be unwise. Yale, above all others, has not the plea of "no advisers" to excuse her putting graduate material into such prominence. She has Walter Camp, the ablest football general of the land, always at hand; she has, besides, the best coaches obtainable, that flock to her support every season; she is backed so strongly, and her interests looked after so closely, that the captain might be far from brilliant, and yet not jeopard the team's chances of winning. But this extreme is not presented Yale, for there is undergraduate material that is competent and available. What is the matter with Bliss? He has had experience; his services to the eleven have been of a high order, this year particularly. So long as the five-year clause permits it, by all means bring back Heffelfinger, Barbour, Hartwell, and Morison, if their legal and medical educations are incomplete, but the man to captain them next year is Bliss.

The end of the discussion over the Thanksgiving-day receipts seems to be not yet. It appears that the collegians at the gates were quite as lax as the Manhattan Athletic Club representatives in not discovering if there were any reselling going on, and at once putting a stop to it. It would impress the average mind that to be fooled out of money at the gate was quite as much a matter for chagrin as had the club-men and collegians been buncoed out of a like amount while on their way to the bank with the receipts. The affair should preach one strong lesson to the collegians, and to all young men, in fact, called on to fill similar positions of responsibility—viz., not to be so hasty in jumping at conclusions, or at ventilating their suspicions through the columns of the daily press. "Crookedness" has been charged by the impetuous young collegians in this case with apparently as little thought of its seriousness as though they were applying the most complimentary terms. One may easily say things in haste that he would repent bitterly at leisure.

All interested in the elevation of amateur athletics will be very much gratified, by reading the following rhetorical flower plucked from a reportorial interview with Mr. Charles Luscomb, to learn how near at hand is the realization of their dearest wish: "My experience in the League of American Wheelmen is that racing men would prefer to ride for money. It is only logical, when you take a successful racing man into consideration." Mr. Luscomb is the official representative of the L. A. W. to discuss the prize question with an A. A. U. committee. Adding to this the indignant outburst of a boxer to a reporter at a recent club tournament: "I got $50. Only they called the fight a draw, I'd had $75, and I ought have got it," and the bouquet appears complete. The amateur horizon seems indeed to have taken on a golden hue.

It is hard to find words strong enough, and yet not offensive to polite ears, to express one's indignation of a man who will repeatedly drive a horse at a high jump in a ring for mere exhibition when the animal gives every manifestation of his disinclination to perform. When the hippodroming results in the death of a noble animal, we lay aside our pen, unable to do the subject justice. Very recently that grand jumper Roseberry was killed at Chicago, in his rider's efforts to win applause from the gallery. The poor beast was sent at the height a number of times, and showed unmistakably that he was not "fit"; but he was kept at it, nevertheless, and finally, in a wild effort to do the bidding of the brute in the saddle, got a fall which resulted in his death. Owners of high jumpers appear to lose sight of the fact that a horse, like a man, is not always on edge and equal to his top performance. Mr. Pepper should have the condemnation of all sportsmen and humane people and the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It's high time this exhibition high jumping was stopped.

A university athletic club in the very near future is an assurance that at last we are to have a guardian of amateur athletics on whom we may rely with confidence. It has long since ceased to be a secret that the salvation of athletics rests with the colleges. To them we look for our athletes; on them we depend for the high standard of our record tables; and, above all, we regard them as the embodiment of the amateur. The "methods" of the average athletic club, the "inducements," the very atmosphere which hangs dank and infectious over the field of competition, is a constant menace to the welfare of amateur sport. With the formation of the university athletic club, a body of men will be banded together in sympathy with the best interests of athletics, and with no legislative axes to grind at the A. A. U. mill. Aside from its athletic feature, the new club will be one of college men, with the same restrictions and social tone as the University Club, and a house unequalled in this country of palatial club structures. To say that it will be successful, is hardly to express it adequately. Taking in the waiting list of the older University, it will boom with a rapidity that will be one of the marvels of clubdom. An athletic club, every member a gentleman, at least by education—that will be a boon indeed. Caspar W. Whitney.

THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

The logic of events indicated that Mr. Mills of Texas, who had led in the contest in the last House against the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, would be elected Speaker of the lower branch of the Fifty-second Congress. The large Democratic majority elected to this House was evidently chosen by the people as a protest against the policy of the Republican party as embodied in the measure which bears Mr. McKinley's name. Mr. Mills, however, did not enter the contest for the Speakership until several other candidates had already secured considerable support for this powerful position. He was undecided as to whether he wanted the place, or preferred to occupy himself solely with a canvass for the Senatorship from Texas, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Reagan, and temporarily filled by Mr. Chilton, who was appointed by the Governor. The delay was fatal to Mr. Mills's chances; for Judge Crisp, before Mr. Mills declared his desire for the place, had secured a great many pledges of support from members who naturally would have voted for the gentleman from Texas. When the contest was begun, however, Mr. Mills entered upon it with his characteristic earnestness and impetuosity, and probably in that way made it difficult for those pledged to other candidates to go to him at any time during the balloting in the caucus. This caucus required three sessions before it could express its choice, and in all thirty ballots were taken. On the last ballot Judge Crisp received 119 votes; Mr. Mills, 105; Mr. Springer, 4; and Mr. Stevens, 1. At the start, Mr. Crisp had about 94 votes, and Mr. Mills 90, the other votes being given to Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, and Mr. Stevens, of Massachusetts. The last-named gentleman had one vote on every ballot from beginning to end.

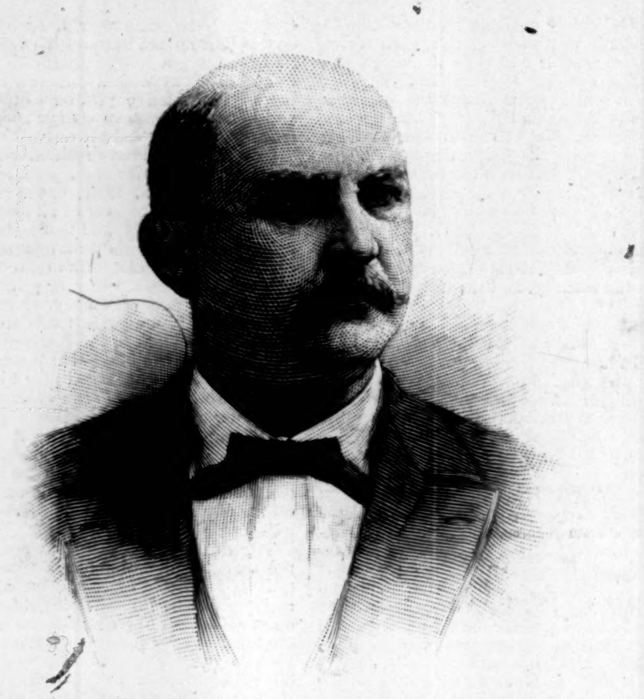
There has been much talk in the newspapers and elsewhere of the contest for the Speakership involving a fight between two factions in the Democratic party, Mr. Mills representing the tariff reformers, and Judge Crisp the protection Democrats. In view of this, it may be interesting to quote Judge Crisp's words to the caucus, in his speech thanking his colleagues for having selected him as the Democratic candidate.

"I beg to say to you now," he said, "as I speak to you my first words since I am your selection as Speaker, that my election means no step backwards in tariff reform. I beg to say to you that there is in our party to-day no man who more earnestly believes in the Democratic doctrine of tariff reform than I do."

When the House met after the Democrats had nominated a candidate, Judge Crisp was chosen Speaker over the late Speaker Reed, and Mr. Watson, of Georgia, who was placed in nomination by the redoubtable Mr. Simpson, of Kansas, as the leader of the Farmers' Alliance party. Judge Crisp received 228 votes; Mr. Reed, 83; and Mr. Watson, 8. This shows what a very preponderating majority the Democrats have. At once after the election Mr. Crisp took the oath of office and entered upon his duties. As this paper goes to press the new Speaker is busily at work arranging the committees of the House—performing a part of that duty which makes him, next to the President of the United States, the most powerful and considerable official in our national politics.

Charles F. Crisp was born in England in 1845, but was brought to this country when a small child by his parents, who were actors, and who for fifteen years prior to the war travelled and played in various parts of the Southern States. The son attended the public schools of Savannah and Macon, in Georgia, and at the outbreak of the war entered the Confederate army. He became a lieutenant in a Virginia regiment, and participated in the Eastern campaigns for three years, when he was captured by the Union forces, and sent as a prisoner of war to Fort Delaware, where he was kept until the rebellion had been suppressed. He now returned to his family in Schley County, Georgia. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, practising at Ellaville for six years. He was then made Solicitor-General for the Southern Judicial District of Georgia, and moved to Americus, which is now his home. In 1877 he was elected a judge of the Superior Court, and sat upon the bench for several years, gaining a reputation for fairness, painstaking attention to duty, and unfailing courtesy. He gave up his judicial office to accept an election to the Georgia Legislature, in which he sat for a session or more.

In 1882 he was elected to Congress, and since then has been a member of that body. He has always been a hard worker in the committees of which he was a member, and from the very first he has been listened to and respected when occupying the floor of the House. He is a pleasant-looking man, with clear complexion, blue eyes, a straight, well-formed nose, and a brown mustache. His head is quite bald, as will be seen by his picture, but his lack of hair has never in the least added to his distinction in Congress. His voice is clear and ringing, but the most striking thing in his personality is his unfailing courtesy. This he never for a moment lost, even in the controversies he had during the last Congress, when the Speaker made rulings which Mr. Crisp and his associates held to be not only unprecedented, but absolutely revolutionary. He has served on many committees, but his highest post was the chairmanship of the Committee on Elections of the last House over which Mr. Carlisle presided. In all his Congressional career he has been very seldom absent from his seat. His speeches have been well-expressed and logically arranged.



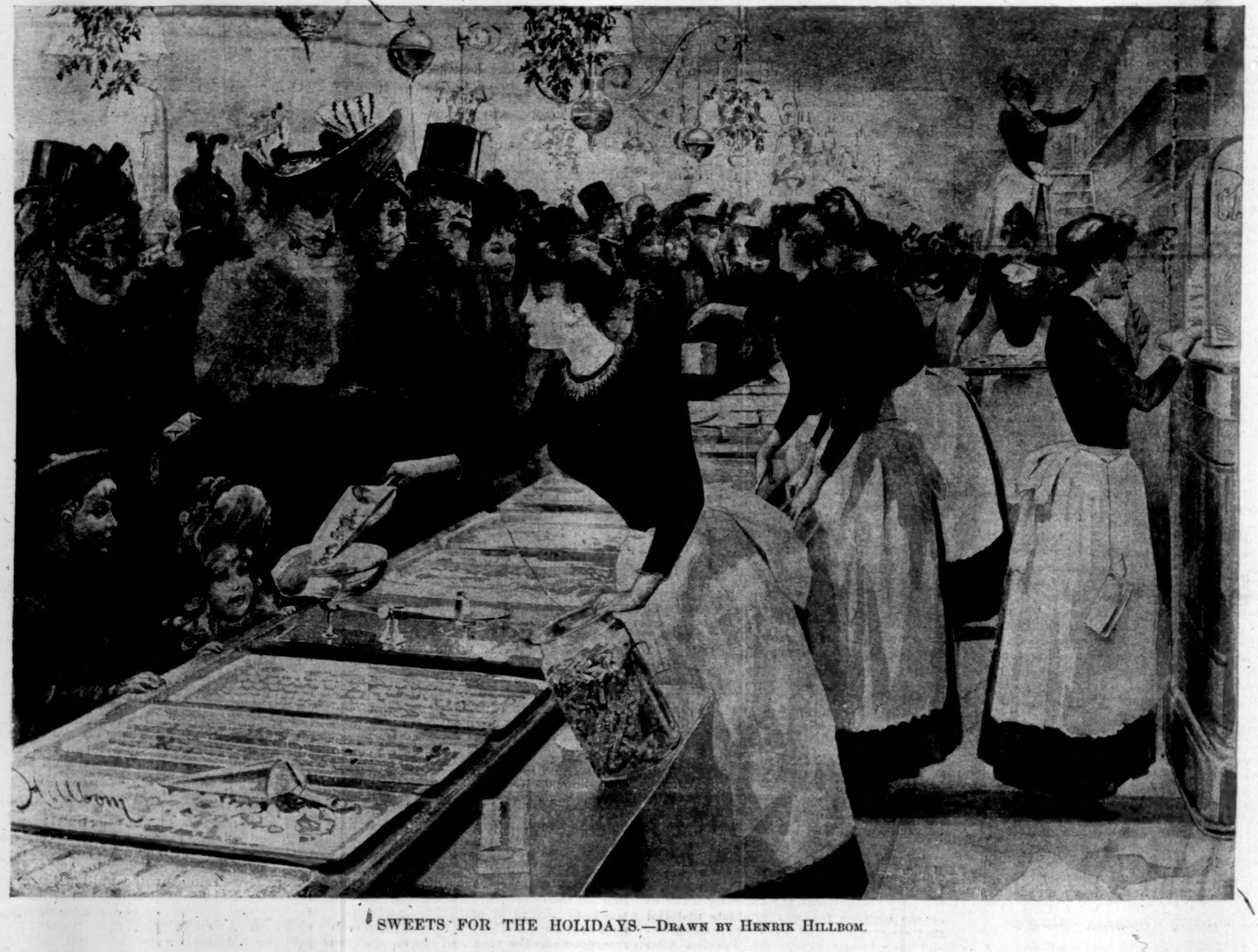
THE HON. CHARLES F. CRISP, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE CHRISTMAS SOCIETY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

The Christmas Society has been organized for the purpose of providing poor children with presents at Christmas-time. As Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, the secretary of the society, puts it: "Our object will be to give a merry Christmas to as many children from the tenement district as the Madison Square Garden will hold. We especially aim to reach that class of children who do not go to Sunday-school, and so do not connect on any Church trees, and who might not otherwise know that it was Christmas. Each child will receive a piece of gingerbread, an apple, and a bag of candy, and as many toys and gifts as are sent to us by rich children for distribution."

The Diana of the Madison Square Garden has looked down upon the Horse Show and the Carmencita ball and the Democratic mass-meeting, but she will never look upon as queer a crowd as she will see on Christmas afternoon. On that occasion the Few Hundred will occupy the boxes at $20 a box and seats in the gallery at $1 a seat,



SWEETS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Drawn by Henrik Hillbom.

and the floor will be taken up by the children of the east and west sides, and the contrast will be worth going to see, and will be even more enjoyable if you have contributed something towards the event yourself, which, if you stop to think about it, you will find that you are quite able to do. There is never anything to do Christmas afternoon, and this is the very thing to go and see between the morning, when your presents have been examined, and the evening, when you are booked for dinner. It will give you a pleasing sense of your own better fortunes, of your own generosity, and of the general good feeling of the day. Send your contributions to Madison Square Garden at once by Mutual District Messenger-boys, whose services have been donated to this festival by the company, and make checks payable to Lispenard Stewart.

The society wants barrels of apples, evergreen-trees, pounds of candy, presents, and gingerbread cakes, and some one of these you can supply. This is a good thing, and the people back of it are the right sort of people to put it through, and the people who read this paper are the very class of people they are trying to get at. And now, having read this, you know exactly what is expected of *you*.

A MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS IN 1792.

BY CHARLOTTE NEWELL.

"THE whirligig of time" brings sometimes revenge, sometimes honor. Nearly four hundred years have passed since Christopher Columbus gave the priceless boon of a new continent to civilization. Our people have read of him, talked of him, eulogized him in public orations, commended him in text-books, taught their children to respect his shrewdness, energy, and self-sacrifice; but it has taken centuries for this admiration to crystallize into any visible, substantial form. In our great cities and along our extended coasts no monumental shafts rise to his memory, no memorial structures attest his labors.

Now that American spirit is rising from its inaction and girding itself to crown with great honors the fourth centennial of Columbus's glorious achievement, it may interest the general public to know that in Baltimore there has been one monument to his memory since 1792.

This monument is in one of the most beautiful suburban sections of the city where the hills look down calmly on the water, and rural pleasures are varied by the evidences of a great city's progress.

The property, embracing sixteen acres, was bought in 1783, by General D'Amaror, who, as consul, represented the French government in Baltimore. General D'Amaror had first come to America with Count de Grasse, and had figured conspicuously at Yorktown. A man of strong patriotic feeling, hospitable temperament, considerable wealth, and genial manners, his house soon became the rendezvous of a circle of cultured gentlemen, and the home of Frenchmen who chanced to visit Maryland.

On one occasion a number of his compatriots lingered over the "walnuts and the wine" at his table; the host proposed a toast to the memory of the discoverer of this fair land—the land so abundant in blessings, so cordial in its welcome to the sons of France. This toast led to a discussion of the claims of Columbus. General D'Amaror spoke warmly, and astonished his hearers by his vehemence and enthusiasm.

"How is it," asked one of the guests, "that I have seen no monument in this country to commemorate his deeds?"

"There is no monument," answered General D'Amaror. "With sorrow I acknowledge it. I can do but little towards a national demonstration; but here, on my own place, I shall erect, and that soon, a monument to the benefactor of the ages."

The utterance was father to the action. Bricks were promptly brought across the Atlantic, and the work, once begun, was soon done. The monument is about fifty feet in height and quadrangular in form. Its base is six and a half feet in diameter; it slopes upward symmetrically, and at the top has a diameter of rather more than two feet. On the western base of the pedestal is a marble slab about two and a half by four feet in dimensions. On this slab is the following inscription in Roman letters·

Sacred
to the
Memory
of
CHRIS.
COLUMBUS
Octob. XII.
MDCC, VIIIC.

The cost of the monument was eight hundred pounds. It was dedicated on the 12th of October, 1792, and is still in a state of good preservation. Within the last few years it has been covered with a coating of cement by the trustees of the Samuel Ready School, a part of whose property it now is.

General D'Amaror remained in Baltimore until 1797, when, his official term having expired, he returned to France.

RACK AND THUMBSCREW
Were scarcely more torturous than the twinges of rheumatism. Not only is it one of the most agonizing, but most obstinate of complaints in its chronic stage. Forestall the untold agonies it inflicts with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest blood depurent in existence. Dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and malaria are also completely eradicated by this comprehensive medicine.—[*Adv.*]

THE VOICE.
THOSE who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.-[*Adv.*]

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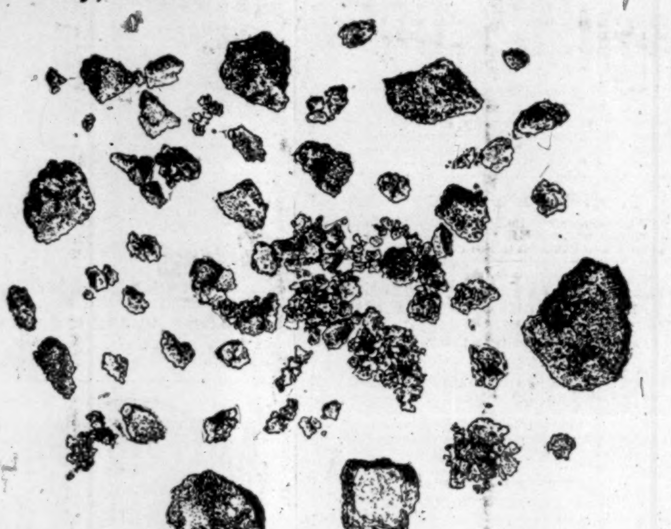
Buffalo Lithia Water. A SOLVENT OF STONE IN THE BLADDER.

An abbreviated report of a case stated by Dr. J. J. Maxfield in the October "Prescription," published at Danbury, Conn.



"A year ago Mr. A., 51 years old, consulted me for a supposed inflammation of the bladder. I examined him and readily detected a stone. It was large, and was so hard that you could hear the click of the instrument in any part of my office. I advised an operation, but he refused to consent, so I ordered him to drink one quart of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER every day. This treatment was kept up for nine months, when it seemed as if the operation could no longer be delayed. During the treatment large quantities of the debris came away. On the 20th of June I examined him again, and the stone did not seem so large nor was the click so pronounced. On the 21st I performed the operation, and after getting into the bladder grasped the stone and found it was like a mass of putty filled with sand. I finally got it all away. No part of it was so hard but that it could be crushed with very little effort between the fingers.

"The cut will illustrate better than I could tell how some of the mass looked, though a great deal of the finest particles were lost, besides all those parts which came away during the treatment of nine months preceding.

"It will be noticed that there were very few large pieces, and these were so soft that they would drop to pieces on the slightest provocation.

"Had I known before I operated I would not have operated at all, for I firmly believe that if I had continued the treatment of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER a few weeks longer the stone would have fallen to pieces. The stone was roughened, showing the dissolving action of the water on it. I believe the case is unique in every particular, and shows the value of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER so clearly that I thought it worth repeating. The total weight of the pieces saved was two hundred and thirteen grains."

The identical stone represented in foregoing statement of Dr. Maxfield may be seen in window of A. J. Ditman, Druggist, Astor House, New York City.

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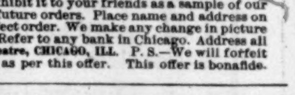

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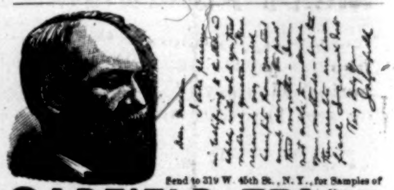

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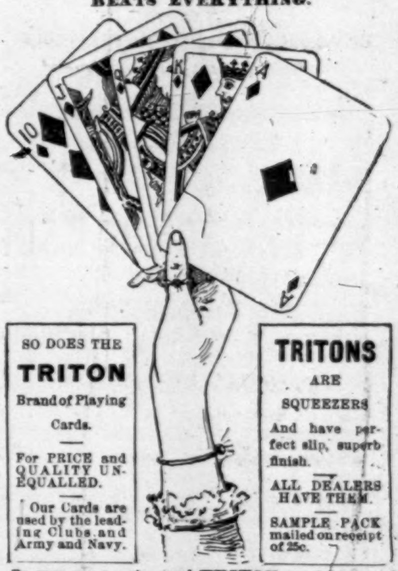

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